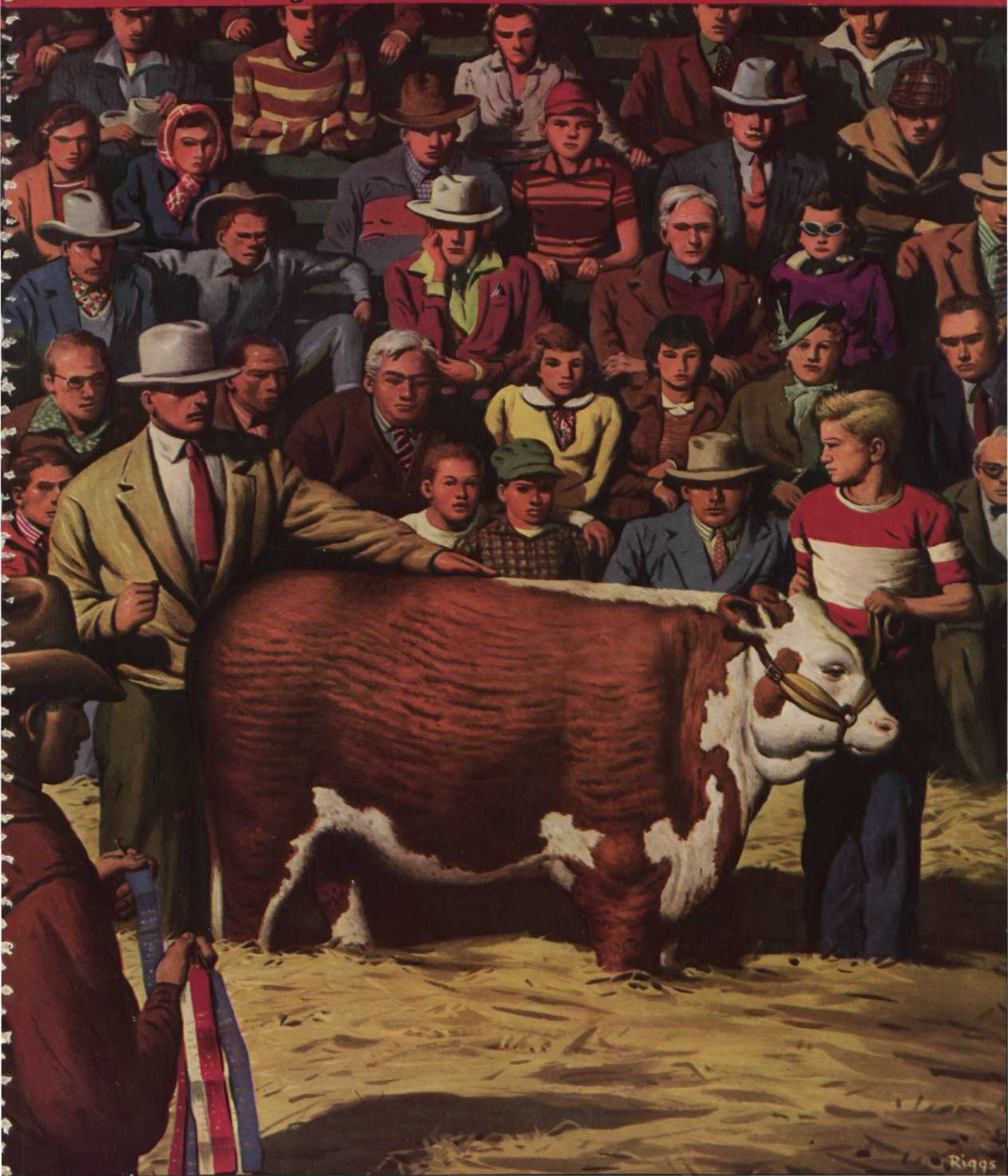


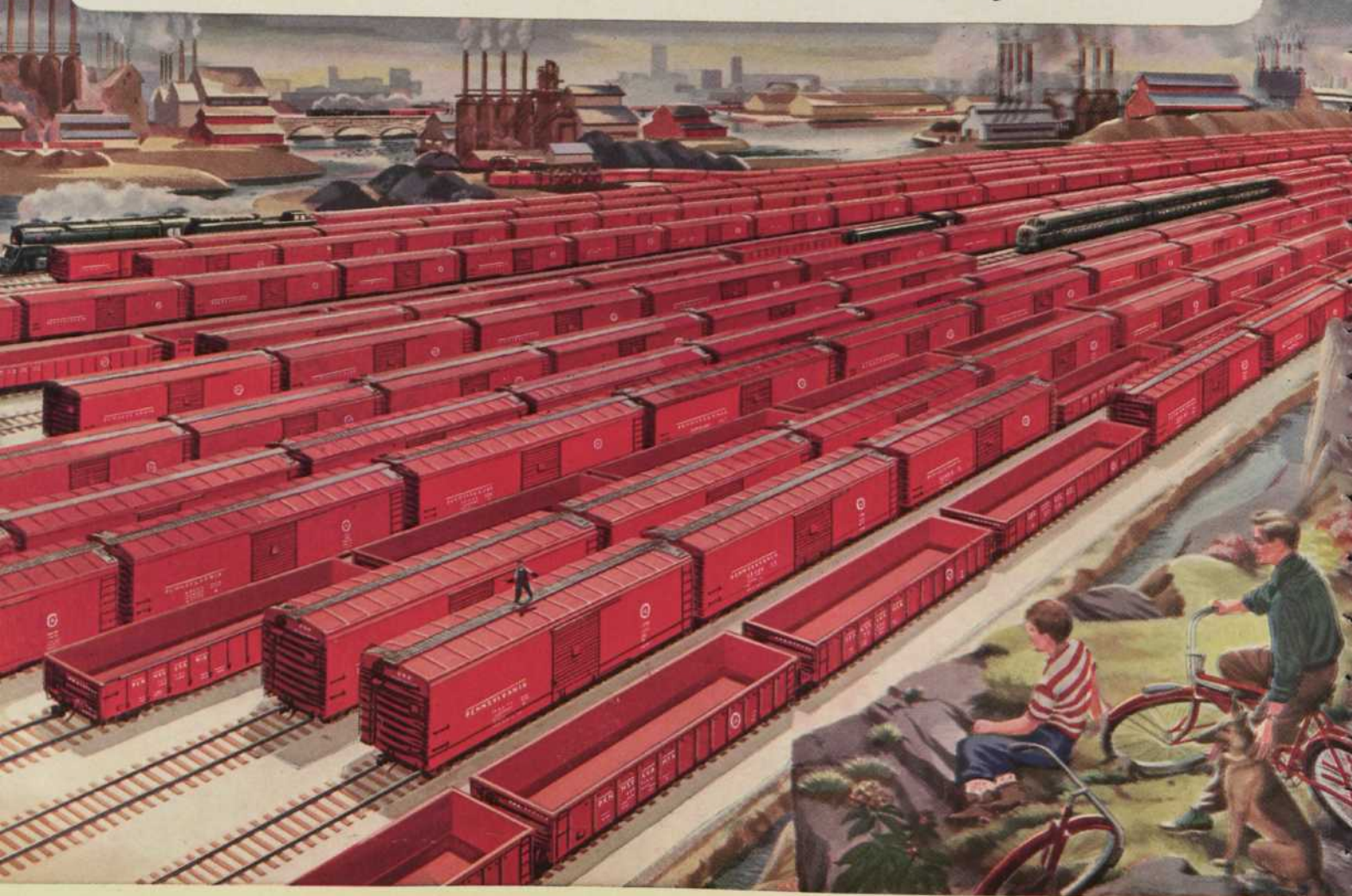
NOVEMBER • 1950

Nation's BUSINESS



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Freight car builders say this is the largest order of its kind ever placed by one railroad. Including the cost of these 15,000 cars, \$81 million, the Pennsylvania Railroad is investing more than \$100 million this year in newer and better freight cars.

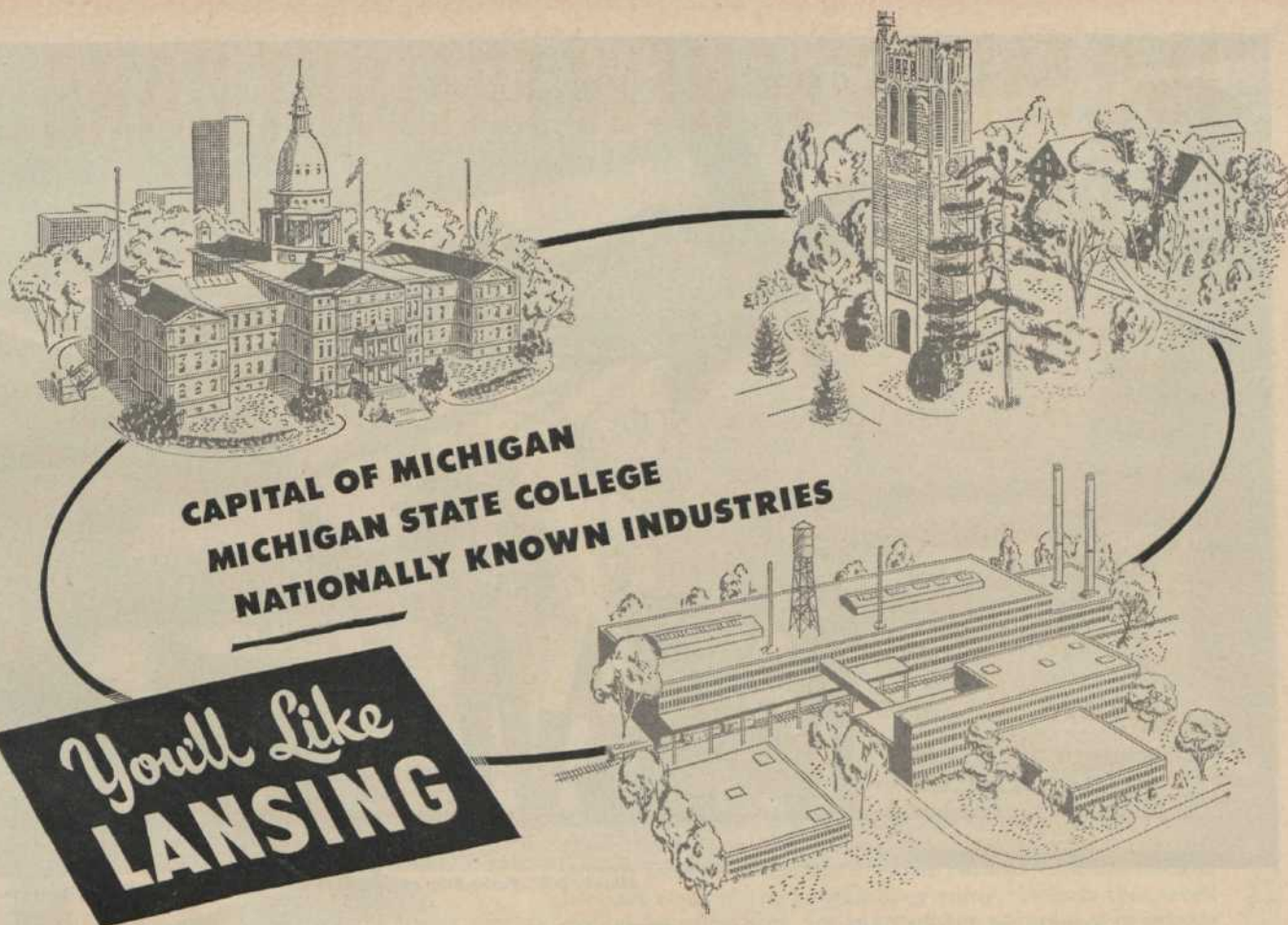
Greater efficiency is today's goal of industry. The Pennsylvania Railroad is cooperating to achieve this objective.



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Lansing is the home of Oldsmobile, Reo, Motor Wheel and scores of other industrial enterprises of many kinds.

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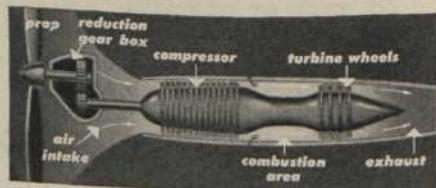
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Nation's Business



PUBLISHED BY

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VOL. 38

NOVEMBER, 1950

No. 11

NB Notebook	8
Management's Washington Letter	13
TRENDS OF NATION'S BUSINESS	17
The State of the Nation	Felix Morley
The Month's Business Highlights	Paul Wooton
Washington Scenes	Edward T. Folliard
Arms and the Business Man	Leo Cherne 29
The half-war era finds us better prepared	
Booksellers to the World	Arthur D. Morse 31
Arthur Brentano started a tradition	
When Taxpayers Go to Court	Milton Lehman 34
Exemptions and deductions get an airing	
The Bug Bomb Challenges the Atom	William Bradford Huie 37
Perhaps we're fretting over the wrong thing	
\$1 Steaks Worry Ranchers	Norman Kuhne 40
Today's cattle men favor long-pull profit	
A Little Piece of Business	Charles Rawlings 42
A deer hunt is no place for office politics	
Behind the Foamy Froth	Ray Josephs 45
Foam rubber sheds its stepchild clothing	
The Job That Nobody Loves	William J. Slocum 48
No miner digs coal because he wants to	
Merchandiser of Men	Edith M. Stern 54
The man who gets jobs for executives	
No Time for Pinochle	William L. Worden 62
The Man Who Analyzed Work	Roger Burlingame 78
Paradise for Golfers	John LaCerta 82
Pinehurst, capital of the golf world	
Today's Libraries Are Go-getters	George Weinstein 86
Modern selling captures the reader	
By My Way	R. L. Duffus 94

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NATION'S BUSINESS for November, 1950

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ABOUT OUR AUTHORS

BORN IN the Bronx of Romanian immigrant parents, **LEO CHERNE** gives Horatio Alger a good run for his money. At 12 Cherne was singing with the Metropolitan Opera Chorus; at 15 he was an ordinary seaman plying the Caribbean; at 16 he was a foreign correspondent covering the Cuban revolution; and at 19 he wrote an expose of the sale of wood alcohol in the Bowery for a New York tabloid. By the time he was of age, he was a member of the bar.



CRITERION PHOTOGRAPH

However, Cherne really hit his stride in 1936 when he answered an ad calling for a legal and editorial assistant to write about social security legislation. Though he was just 24, an opportunity was given him to show his stuff. Before long, his work in interpreting New Deal rules and regulations won wide recognition.

Along the line, Cherne acquired an interest in the firm which had given him a chance, now the Research Institute of America, and became its executive secretary—a position he still holds.

Not only is he an economist of note, but also a writer of repute. "Adjusting Your Business to War," published two years before Pearl Harbor, introduced business men to the Government's plan for industrial mobilization. How the present mobilization will affect industry in the half-war is the theme of his article in this issue, "Arms and the Business Man."

CHARLES RAWLINGS who turned out "A Little Piece of Business"—this month's short story—is a veteran contributor to N.B. Not so, **R. J. CAVALIERE**, who has done the illustrations to go with Rawlings as his first assignment.

Cavaliere is a Pennsylvanian through and through. Not only is he a native son and an ardent Phillies fan, but he lives in Philadelphia despite the fact he works

out of New York. More evidence? He attended the Philadelphia School of Art on a four-year scholarship, and even attended summer school in the city of Brotherly Love. Vacations lately have been taking him afield—to Maine and Massachusetts to paint. However, he is also fond of golf and solitaire.

During his highly successful career, Cavaliere has done illustrations for many of the country's leading magazines and advertising agencies. His son, incidentally, is following in his footsteps.

TODAY, at 29, **ARTHUR D. MORSE** is one of the country's promising young writers. In the two years



that he has been free-lancing, he's scored with most of the leading national magazines on such unrelated subjects as an art school, Jackie Robinson and the family life of singer Ezio Pinza.

But not all of Morse's days since his graduation from the University of Virginia have been devoted to such endeavors. There was a four-year period of naval service, most of which was spent as gunnery and executive officer of a sub-chaser in the Pacific. Evidently a landlubber at heart, Morse is not reluctant to admit that he was just as seasick on the Columbia River in Oregon as in the Aleutians. "In fact," he says, "we caught just as many subs in the Columbia as we did in the Pacific. We did get one 'probable'—a whale, but it might have been one of our own."

After the service, but before trying it on his own as a writer, he edited a children's sports magazine and was publicity director of another publication.

ROBERT RIGGS is one of the country's top illustrators. In fact, he is one of the few artists ever to have won coveted

awards for both commercial and noncommercial work. If Riggs were called on to pick a favorite subject, it would probably be the circus—and he is famous for his lithographs of scenes under the Big Top. So it is a good guess that he had little difficulty stepping from the sawdust ring to the livestock judging ring for this month's cover painting.



"SECURITY"

...IS AN OLD MAN'S WORD!

BUSINESS NEEDS COURAGEOUS MEN

WITH BURNING AMBITION AND FAITH IN THE FUTURE

It's wise to think ahead . . . to prepare for the future, and lay a solid foundation for an independent old age. But, today, many men in their twenties, thirties and forties are emphasizing security beyond its worth.

They're forsaking the thrill of competition for a monotonous rut—seeking sanctuary in a dull and uneventful job when they should be pursuing the rewards and the glory that go with achievement.

Only beaten men remain on beaten paths. Leaders break new ground—take bold, decisive action! They, too, are thinking of the future. But they're thinking positively, not negatively. They realize the importance of forging ahead while they're still in their prime. And, unlike the timid and the fearful who doom themselves, these men do something about it!

Reflect, for a moment, on your own case: Are you lapsing into that large and pathetic category of men who plod along making little or no progress? Are the dreams you once harbored, the plans you made, growing dimmer and unrealized with the passing years? Are you groping blindly with no specific program for advancement in mind?

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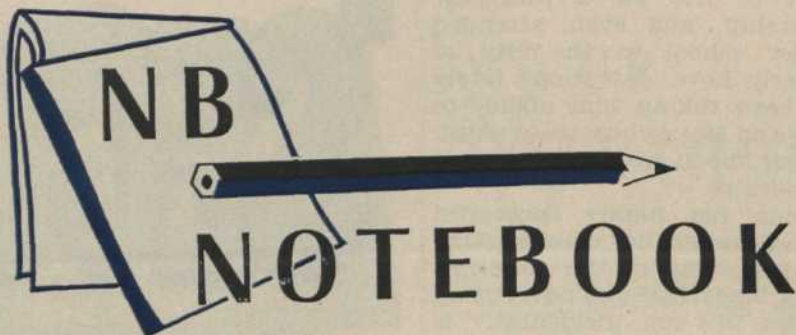
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76 Park Place, Newark 1, N. J.



After the elections

SOMETHING of a turning point looms for business this month in the opinion of many observers. At this writing, consumer credit has been restricted and the new National Production Authority has issued Regulation No. 1 which controls inventories of some 32 war materials. Priorities were to be next.

The effect of the inventory order was to dampen down prices a bit, particularly in metals. However, it is believed that the real tough controls will not appear until after the elections.

A slowdown in business, which jumped ahead in anticipation of rearmament demands, is likely to be reversed as war orders take up the slack. Wage increases mean price increases. Thus, inflationary forces develop more power and will flare forth again after any lull.

"After the elections," therefore, means that the anticipated war business will become real, inflation will become unruly and tough controls will be ushered in.

Rosie returns

"ROSIE THE RIVETER" is signing up again for work in a war plant—that is, if welding hasn't taken the place of rivets where she was hired in the last war. The chances are that, whatever her job may be, her training will be faster.

Job training methods made great progress during the war especially along the lines of work simplification. But, hand in hand with this breaking down of jobs into small and quickly learned tasks, there also developed a pioneering plan called "job enlargement."

This new scheme of getting work done faster seems to run contrary to accepted engineering principles which call for subdividing the job in the interest of speed. It has

been known, however, that monotony causes undue fatigue and also dissatisfaction. The worker becomes too small a cog.

International Business Machines has been developing what is called a "job enlargement" policy over the past six years. The single-operation worker has other things to do. Now he sets up his machine, sharpens his tools and inspects his work. The cost of setting up and inspection has been reduced 95 per cent. The operator has greater satisfaction in his job.

New freight car

FOR SEVERAL reasons the railroad industry is likely to take interest in a new kind of freight car, the Pressed Steel Car Company just has announced. It has been named the Unicel.

The railroads have decided they will need 122,000 new freight cars by August, 1951. This project will face current and mounting steel shortages as rearmament takes hold. Unicel is a combination freight-refrigerator car built of laminated plywood. Walls, floor and ceiling are bonded together in one piece. It uses one third less steel.

John I. Snyder, PSC board chairman and president, maintains this is the first break out of the doldrums in freight car design. The steel car was revolutionary in 1897 and for 50 years there has been no change in the basic design.

Engineers who have previewed the new design say it answers the problem of a lighter but stronger car, cheaper to run and maintain, easier to load and easier on the goods in transit. Only the hoboes will object—the new truck has "no rods to ride."

Moving things fast

ONCE rearmament orders start flowing in volume, improved processes should enable industry to

beat the production records of World War II by substantial margins. Materials handling offers an example of the new techniques which will speed up the output of military products.

Before 1941, "unitized" packing by means of the pallet was in limited use. The pallet is a light platform of wood or steel on which stock is stacked for handling in unit loads by lift trucks.

Through the war this method of moving materials was greatly expanded. The savings in time and expense were great. Thus, one trucking firm estimated that automobile parts could be unloaded in about one sixth the time required for the same amount of loose stock.

One of the principles of mass production is to bring the material to the worker. Now it is brought in a convenient package. One automobile company estimates that 95 per cent of the freight traffic within its plants now moves on pallets, while 25 to 30 per cent of its incoming shipments from suppliers are palletized.

Reading speed-up

THE BUSINESS executive today is required to do a lot of reading. He must be well informed. Company reports come first, of course, and then there are his newspaper and a host of business periodicals.

So, if he is to have time for other work, this business of reading must be speeded up. That was the task a group of psychologists and reading specialists undertook this year in New York. They have just completed their first assignment in private industry there.

After an instruction course of eight hours, five top executives of a leading textile concern were able to read 62 per cent faster. And what's more, they gained in comprehension and retention. An engineer in the new products division of the company was responsible for going through 60 magazines regularly for development ideas. He can "skim" along now in a fraction of his previous time.

Jobs plus tools

EARLIER in the year additions to the labor force made unemployment figures rise even though employment was also gaining. This phenomenon drew wide comment at the time. The emphasis was placed on prospects of finding jobs for the newcomers.

Happily, that situation was soon reversed and new records made in employment. The business boom

"I never felt
so helpless
in my life"



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out of business
in a matter of seconds..."

An isolated case? No indeed—for 43 out of every 100 firms that lose their records by fire never reopen.

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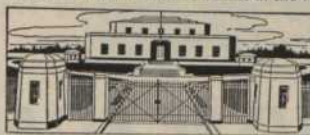
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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

in the late spring and later on the Korean crisis provided jobs for almost everybody including those just starting out.

However, there is another important angle to the new job question. The newcomers also need tools. The Machinery & Allied Products Institute figures that the existing investment per worker in nonfarm industry is \$10,800 including \$9,000 in long-term capital. To equip additional workers with new tools, the investment would be \$14,000 per worker, including \$12,000 in long-term capital.

Therefore, if the annual increment to the private labor force is 500,000, some \$6,000,000,000 in long-term capital is needed. Of course, there are workers who are retiring as well as new ones starting in. This would tend to reduce the capital estimate. However, the Institute's figures emphasize that tools as well as jobs must be the country's concern.

Name plates

WAYS of boosting morale in the big plants of the country have been studied for some years. Now it is the office worker's turn. This appeared to be the reason for a query made recently to Ben McClancy, general manager of the Associated Industries in Cleveland.

The question was: "How about giving name plates to all our white-collar workers?" The company thought it would boost morale and serve the additional advantage of identifying the person at a desk. Where there are rows and rows of desks, this would help.

McClancy polled 25 companies. One was using the plan and several others were interested. The concern that had experience reported: "Besides identifying our people to callers and so forth, we find the plates give our folks a feeling of importance which adds up to increased interest in their work."

How to edit

THE STORY is told of a plumber who wrote the U. S. Bureau of Standards about his discovery that hydrochloric acid cleaned out clogged pipes—and quick. What did the Bureau think?

A highly technical reply went to the plumber. He thanked them and was glad to hear they approved. A second bit of technical reading was hurried to him, and once more he expressed his gratification. Finally, the Bureau broke down and wrote: "Stop using the acid. It raises hell with pipes."

Editors of company publications

realize they have quite a few "plumbers" among their readers. Consequently, they are trying to improve the readability of their journals. General Motors, for instance, has contrived a reading-ease calculator. A booklet and a contents study of the company's publications were sent to editors along with the calculator.

GM scores for readability in the contents study were as follows: Very hard, ten per cent; hard, 56 per cent; easy, 28 per cent; and very easy, six per cent. A year and a half later a checkup of December, 1949, editions failed to show much gain but the reading-ease crusaders are still in there pitching.

Golden State gains

"CALIFORNIA, Here I Come!" was the marching song of some millions of people in the past decade. Preliminary census figures reveal the population increase was 3,565,000 to put the state's total into second place in the nation, displacing Pennsylvania.

Her percentage gain in ten years was almost 52 per cent. The first three states are now: New York, 14,743,000; California, 10,472,000 and Pennsylvania, 10,436,000. The ranking in 1940 was New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and California.

In still another way the Golden Staters ruffle the feelings of the Quakerites. The West Coast steel market is booming and the supremacy of Pennsylvania is ebbing. Thirty years ago Pennsylvania was consuming almost 20 per cent and now it takes only ten per cent of the nation's output. California has jumped to 6½ per cent.

Overdoing machines

MANY business offices no doubt could profit by having an equipment representative check labor- and time-saving possibilities through the use of more or better machines. However, William E. Sexton, office methods supervisor of the Continental Oil Company, holds it is often easier to overmechanize than to undermechanize.

"A machine might get in the way of some simplified procedures," he writes in the bulletin of the National Association of Cost Accountants. "Why purchase a fully automatic rotary calculator for around \$750 when a \$450 machine will do satisfactory work on a particular job. Or, if a sufficiently accurate answer on a small volume of non-

Odd and useful facts for NATION'S BUSINESS readers from "The Nation's Business Paper"



Fine papers bear the labels of their manufacturers in an inconspicuous way—in watermarks incorporated in the papers themselves. This famous watermark—

was developed in 1924. On countless billions of occasions it has proclaimed the pride we take in the quality of HOWARD BOND. MADE IN U.S.A.



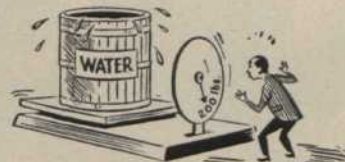
You can see a monument to a bug at Enterprise, Alabama. Because the boll weevil destroyed cotton and forced farmers to other and more profitable crops, a fund was raised and a monument erected. It reads, "In profound appreciation of the Boll Weevil and what it has done as the herald of prosperity." Cheer up! Today's troubles create tomorrow's opportunities.



The ordinary letterhead is 8½" wide. Computed in this width a single day's production of HOWARD BOND would produce a continuous sheet of paper reaching from New York City to Christmas, Arizona, a distance of approximately 2000 miles! "The Nation's Business Paper" spans the nation every day.



An Anti-Women Stenographers Society was organized by a group of American women in 1894. Women's "natural modesty" was believed threatened when girl stenographers worked in offices! Need we point out that the tens of thousands of young ladies now serving in stenographic positions are immeasurably important to the present success and future progress of American business?



It takes 200 pounds of water to make one pound of HOWARD BOND. To assure the purity and cleanliness essential to fine-quality paper making, Howard draws from its own deep springs lying under the Urbana, Ohio, mill. It is this clear, clean, sparkling water that helps provide those same qualities in HOWARD BOND — clear, clean, sparkling — whether in whitest white or colors.

Envelopes did not come into general use until a hundred years ago. Before then, letters were simply folded and sealed. Today, envelopes are available in hundreds of different styles, sizes and colors.

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"The Nation's Business Paper"



For Letterheads • Business Forms • Business Printing
In Whitest White and Twelve Clear, Clean Colors

ENVELOPES TO MATCH

HOWARD PAPER MILLS, INC. • HOWARD PAPER COMPANY DIVISION • URBANA, OHIO



Saw Mill River Parkway, N. Y.



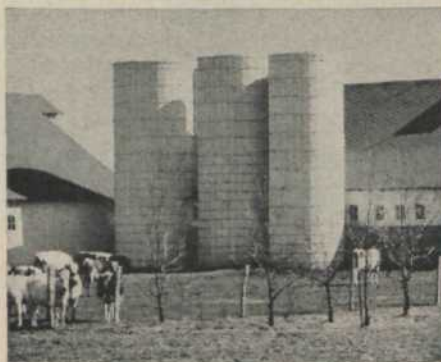
Concrete masonry house, Arcadia, Calif.



West Fargo High School, Fargo, N.D.



State Road Dept. Bldg., Tallahassee, Fla.



Concrete silos on farm near Franklin, Ind.



Concrete pipe sewer, Dallas, Tex.

Investing in **CONCRETE** construction pays lifelong dividends

When your own dollars are invested in homes, factories or farms or your tax dollars are used to build roads and streets, schools, public buildings, sewers or dams, you want to get the most for your money.

Dollars invested in concrete construction return lifelong dividends in longer service, greater durability, higher resistance to storms, decay, vermin and fire. *Concrete can't burn!*

Concrete construction is economical. Its moderate first cost ÷ low maintenance expense ÷ long years of service = **low annual cost.** That's a dividend that will bring continuing pleasure.

So whatever you plan to build, invest in concrete construction for higher dividends in service, in protection, in safety, in economy.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

33 W. Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

repetitive work can be obtained with a slide rule, why buy a machine?

"The efforts to use a machine other than the one best suited for a job to be done may produce losses instead of gains from a mechanization program."

Renting vs. owning

THAT OLD home question, "Is it better to own or to rent?" has its counterpart now in trade and industry. Chain and department stores have been going in for the "sell and lease-back" arrangement in a rather big way. The scheme is catching on in industry and among railroads.

The theory is that with prices and taxes up, the demand for greater working capital along with tax savings make the rental plan attractive. Rentals can be charged off as operating cost.

However, some sound reasons are advanced in favor of ownership in cases where capital requirements are not pressing. If the company's credit enjoys top rating, funds probably can be borrowed for less than what is charged in a lease. The profit extras are avoided and the landlord does not have to be consulted on building changes.

The verdict, therefore, in some engineering circles is that renting instead of owning is all right for stores but not necessarily the best thing for industry. Cost and tax analysis supply the right answer in each case. The railroads, meanwhile, seem to be jumping for equipment financed on the lease scheme by insurance companies.

Dollar gap narrows

WAR requirements will push up imports of critical and other materials and thus narrow the so-called dollar gap which played hob with plans for straightening out world commerce. In addition to these direct needs for the mobilization program, there no doubt will be a call for certain merchandise from abroad to fill in lines where shortages develop as a result of diversion here to military orders.

Authorities do not believe, however, that this temporary relief to nations short of dollars will solve the world trade problem. They maintain that it will be necessary to promote multilateral commerce on a much broader scale. For this reason it has been proposed that the Economic Cooperation Administration, slated to end by 1952, be continued as the economic arm of the North Atlantic Pact.

MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

► WASHINGTON IS FLAT on its many but's. It knows what it wants—in the way of taxes, controls, defense forces. But it doesn't know what it will get.

► AS THE WAR GOES, so goes the nation. If there's shooting—more "police action"—defense program and all the economic adjustments that go with it will go forward enlarged and at top speed. But if there's not—if things cool off—expect cutbacks, and less adjustment. Mass emotion (call it public sentiment if you like) is reflected quickly in U. S. policy. It leads to action. Not only does mass emotion direct what may be done, it limits what officials can do.

It's not a stable factor. But it's powerful. It swings in wide arcs.

Let's take a look at it in action:

On last June 24 selective service bill was before House-Senate conferees.

Members debated: Should the President be given power to pull the trigger on draft—if it should be needed—or should Congress keep that power for itself?

Next day came Korea. Within a few hours draft was passed. Power to use it was given to the President.

A \$1,000,000,000 tax reduction bill became a \$4,500,000,000 tax increase.

Within the next 70 days a \$17,100,000,000 defense appropriation bill was conceived, passed by Congress, signed.

That was in addition to the \$13,000,000,000 regular defense appropriation.

Within a few more days Congress gave the President nearly complete control over the economy, in the Defense Production Act of 1950.

And communist control became law.

That's fast action. It comes when American soldiers fall on battlefields.

But how much of a war economy will the U. S. people take when the shooting's over—or there's even a long lull in the roar of gunfire?

Remember, Korea didn't create the position of U. S. in world politics, or even alter it. Korea just dramatized it.

► THERE'S LITTLE DOUBT that U. S. should prepare, that it must have big police force to keep peace.

But getting that force—and keeping it—is going to hit a lot of people.

It's going to be difficult to hold the nation on a war basis, or even a semiwar basis, unless the drama of war exists.

Think back to 1945. War was over. The boys were coming home.

They came much too quickly, according to military chiefs. But pressure of public opinion brought them home.

Don't forget that pressure when you think of a 3,000,000 man defense force by next June 30.

That many men leave a good many million fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives and sweethearts behind.

Those people have emotions. They pass them on to their congressmen. And next June 30 will be just 10 months before the '52 primaries.

If there's no shooting—no deeply moving drama of war—they may not feel like leaving their men in armed forces.

If there is shooting the force may be several times 3,000,000 men.

► YOU HAVE NO choice except to be ready to move either way.

If there's long lull, it will take strong political leadership to hold present program.

There's no chance, in that case, for the talked of \$10,000,000,000 expansion.

And a likely compromise would be universal military training, plus quantity production of late type equipment.

That would be good politics. And it would mean good business.

But also it might be taking a chance.

► EXCESS PROFITS TAX is better politics than economics. Even at old corporate rate of 38 per cent we could pay for rearmament program with no need of additional income from new rate of 45 per cent, highest on record. But Government would have to eliminate political waste.

Here are potentialities:

From elimination of waste—\$10 billion.

From increased business activity (at old rates)—\$8 billion.

From some increase in prices—\$2 billion.

From expanded social security receipts—\$2 billion.

From plugging minor loopholes in tax laws—\$500 million.

New tax bill increases—\$5 billion.

Ultimate total—\$27,500,000,000.

That's more than Defense Secretary or

MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

President forecast or requested. It's more than can effectively be added next year to the \$13,000,000,000 budgeted before Korea.

► **THERE'S SOME** horse trading in Treasury's proposal of personal excess income tax.

It's something to give up in return for provisions Administration wants in proposed corporation excess-profits tax.

Policing corporation tax returns is tremendous job. Yet fewer than 400,000 corporations make returns.

Compares with 55,000,000 personal income tax returns.

Your best insurance against personal excess profits tax is the nearly impossible job of checking returns.

► **FORMATION OF CONTROL** organizations doesn't mean they will function.

Controls have a pipeline to fill, too. You need not expect immediate action when you read of a new Bureau.

New alphabetical bureaus may give Washington appearance of getting ready to control everything from A to Z.

But much of it will be "just in case" organization. Administration of general controls is big job, requires big staff.

Therefore it can't be set up overnight. So Washington plans to have organizations set up, at least in skeleton form, so they will be ready in case decision is made to apply controls.

► **MAKE CREDIT TIGHT**—but not costly.

That's Administration's plan. That's policy behind program you'll see unfold.

The idea: Slow the boom. But don't discourage business expansion that would bring greater production.

Selective controls will be tried—to cut down on commercial buildings, consumer goods stockpiling, other ventures that may add to demand, but not production.

Tightening probably will be administered by banks, their loan agencies, which inquire into loan purposes in their usual investigation.

If that doesn't work—if all loans prove to be "defense production" helps, look for abandonment of selective for broader controls.

On consumer goods level—home building and purchase credit will be restricted

until pinch is off building materials, construction labor shortage.

On automobiles, probably no increase in one-third down requirement, but a shortening of the 21 month pay period.

On other consumer durables, same pattern.

► **FUNDAMENTAL TREND** of whole world is inflationary.

Governments' budgets are unbalanced. Rearming is world-wide. Costs, prices rush up. There's excessive demand in relation to supply. That's world-wide picture.

Governments are spending more than they are taking in, buying on credit, forcing and paying higher prices.

Nevertheless there's possibility of deflationary period ahead for U. S.—a short interim action in next few months.

Primarily that's because U. S. Government temporarily is taking more money out of the economy than it's putting in.

This flow results from new taxes, higher yields on old taxes. It reaches from payroll withholding through entire tax range to corporations—which are buying tax-anticipation notes heavily.

Boom caused lowering of unemployment payments, farm-price supports, also cuts federal outlay.

Defense expenditures that will reverse that flow—cause government spending to pass income—won't have much effect until after 1951's first quarter.

Until then credit controls may slow sales of real estate, automobiles, other consumer goods. Remember, that's purpose of credit restrictions.

If such interim deflationary trend develops, look for its end in second quarter of '51, when inflation from defense moves in.

And at about the same time you can look for broad, general economic controls—if they're coming at all.

► **TWO MAJOR LAWS** just passed will come up for revision next month.

One is Communist Control Act. President already has termed it "unworkable." He'll have amendments in his congressional lieutenants' hands before the November session opens.

Among other changes, they'll try to eliminate Commie registration, listing of plants where Reds may not work.

Another law due for amendment is Defense Production Act of 1950.

Administration thinks it needs refinement, wants clarification.

► **PRODUCTION WILL SOLVE** most producers' biggest problems.

Steel scrambles for more output. Industry informs Commerce Secretary Sawyer that present programs call for boosting capacity to 109,963,000 tons annually by end of '52. That's about 10 per cent up.

But steel also is hopeful of a quicker, cheaper way to increase output. It's a way you might use.

Top-level production experts are going over present plants searching for ways to get more out of them.

Principal object of search is bottlenecks—in any department—that slow, limit output.

They hope to find points where quick expansion—an additional machine, a newer method, will bring more out of existing facilities.

► **BE CAREFUL** about applying war-requirement percentages to your business.

Highest estimate for defense needs for steel—under present plans—is 12 per cent of total output.

But look back of that 12 per cent and you'll see that military demand covers same kind of sheet steel already short of civilian demand.

Steel company experts say defense will cause cutback in sheet steel for civilian use from 20 to 40 per cent under current deliveries.

And that's the kind of steel already limiting production of automobile, home-equipment makers.

► **U. S. BUSINESS MEN** comb European markets for materials hard to find here.

A Cleveland auto parts maker last month placed orders for bearing metals in England, France, western Germany, while a Houston builder bought structural steel in Belgium.

They're examples of how U. S. spreads its prosperity, brings foreign supplies of U. S. dollars romping upward in leaps and bounds.

There's only one place those dollars finally come to rest. In the factories, mills, stores, pockets of the U. S.

► **FOREIGN TRADERS** fear domestic shortages will slice export shipments.

And that, they point out, would reduce imports of necessary materials, goods.

Pressure to eliminate or reduce exports builds up on manufacturers of goods in short supply. It comes from domestic buyers.

Same pressure will build up faster as allocations cut supplies.

ECA takes care of some needs, in some countries. Defense Department also ships goods abroad.

But these programs still leave room for a lot of cash business with the same

countries—and with Latin and South American and Far Eastern nations.

So far there's no indication that Government plans export allocations.

► **EMPLOYERS STILL** struggle with question: Just who will be called up from reserves?

Reserve organizations, business personnel managers have joined with reserve members to demand an answer.

But armed services come up against another question: What will world's power politics demand of us?

Meanwhile reserve members report they are being discriminated against—

Job promotions are going to others because of uncertain status of reserves.

Banks refuse them credit.

They are missing other business opportunities.

E. A. Evans, executive director of Reserve Officers Association, declares there's no need for this, that only one in ten reserve officers will be called, only one in five enlisted reserves.

But which one? Industrial personnel managers call it their biggest headache. They ask that each reserve member be given a rating, in writing, stating likelihood of call, length of notice that may be expected.

Trouble with suggested rating: Probably would be out of date by time it was compiled.

► **BRIEFS:** Industry, not Government, will select sites for any new plants built for defense production. So Commerce Department tells flood of community officials seeking them. . . . Reports you see this month comparing business levels with year ago will be measuring against 1949 steel and coal strike period. . . . That steel strike lost far more steel production than defense program will take next year. . . . Burroughs will operate adding machine plant in Scotland—to supply U. S. markets. . . . Independent Petroleum Association of America says oil requirement next year will be only 5.7 per cent above 1950's needs. . . . Department of Agriculture, principal proponent of farm-price supports, sent mission to Far East to check on wheat marketing outlook. The report: Support program is pricing U. S. wheat out of the market.



NATIONAL SALES REGISTERS automatically compile and record a very great part of the figures required by the auditor.



EMERY, BIRD, THAYER is a landmark in Kansas City. A branch was recently opened in the Country Club Plaza.

“Audit cost cut $\frac{2}{3}$ by National Floor Audit!”



MR. E. FREYMAN, Treas.,
Emery, Bird, Thayer,
Kansas City 6, Mo.

“In the year 1946 we put National Sales Registers throughout our main store with the view of auditing all transactions from sales register totals. At this time we have 94 registers in our main store.

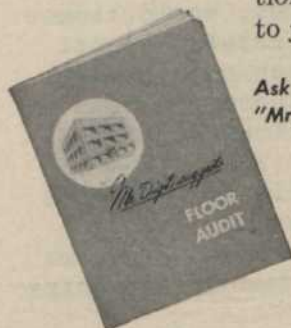
“In 1946 our sales audit cost was .32% of sales. Today it is .11%. In addition to a substantial dollar saving, our employees find more interest in their work.

“On March 1, 1950, we opened a branch store in the Country Club Plaza, installing 15 National Sales Registers. No additional audit personnel was required. One of the most important features of National Floor Audit is that it provides audited gross and net sales figures departmentally before the close of the following day.”

So writes Mr. Freyman of the modern National Floor Audit System installed in the main and branch stores of Emery, Bird, Thayer. Not only department stores, but specialty shops and stores of many other types can use National Floor Audit to improve service to customers, cut costs, and get more money-making information.

Ask your local National representative to tell you about the National Floor Audit Plan. He will be glad to survey your present methods, and recommend a modern system of National Floor Audit exactly suited to your store's needs.

Ask for the informative booklet,
“Mr. Digit Suggests Floor Audit”. (It's free.)



THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

TRENDS



OF NATION'S BUSINESS

The State of the Nation

THIRTY years ago a well known English scholar, Prof. R. H. Tawney, published a small book that has played a very large role in the history of our time.

Entitled "The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society" this indictment of the profit system had great influence in converting the British Labor party to doctrinaire socialism. At the time of its first publication, as a Fabian Society pamphlet, I myself was enrolled as a foreign student at a famous English university, and was therefore in a position to observe the initial effect of Professor Tawney's eloquence at firsthand.

Prior to the publication of this book there were, broadly speaking, three distinct schools of thought embodied in the British Labor party. There was a strongly democratic element, in revolt against the whole structure of titles and honorifics which emphasized the divisions between "upper, lower and middle classes."

There was a similar, but separate, religious revolt against the privileged position of the "Established Church."

There was a third and wholly distinct element which agreed with Karl Marx that the basic evil is the profit system. Its leaders argued that the enemy to be overthrown was the capitalist system rather than the titled aristocracy and the Church of England. These last would give no trouble if



Felix Morley

the economic basis of their supremacy were undermined.

Of this third school, composed of intellectuals rather than wage earners, the Fabian Society was the spearhead and Professor Tawney the most effective prophet. Few trade unionists actually read "The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society"—which is a beautifully written, well documented and unquestionably powerful study. But teachers, preachers, editors and commentators absorbed it eagerly. And,

as is habitual in a democracy, the thinking in the universities soon determined the voting in the cities. It is no exaggeration to say that the most important factor in turning the British Labor movement from trade union to socialist leadership was this slim book.

The revolutionary movement that swept Britain after the first world war might have concentrated against the monarchy and established church, which had been targets of our own American Revolution a century and a half earlier.

Actually the system of free enterprise was made the bogey and the British Labor movement, instead of becoming republican, turned socialist. Its intellectual leaders argued, with much cogency, that neither the aristocratic nor the clerical hierarchy any longer exercised real



OF NATION'S BUSINESS

power, as compared with the great industrialists. Therefore, effort was concentrated on eliminating private ownership of the tools of production — by constitutional means.

Briefly, that has been the course of the British revolution. It explains the curious fact that so many members of the present Labor government have accepted titles as lords and knights. It explains the further anomaly that all Englishmen who do not worship according to a certain specified ritual can still be classified as "nonconformist."

Professor Tawney, like Marx before him, found it easy to bring a powerful indictment against private enterprise. And his attack on the "sickness" of the profit system was the more effective because of its strong spiritual impetus. Few will deny the measure of truth in his accusation that business "has come to hold a position of exclusive predominance among human interests which no single interest, and least of all the provision of the material means of existence, is fit to occupy."

But this socialist prosecutor, with great eloquence, went on to demand the death sentence in his indictment. The whole profit-making system, he charged, is morally wrong. Under it, "the administration of society is directed toward those who get, not toward those who give; and though workmen give much they get little." Moreover, Professor Tawney argued, the profit system operates to produce "trivialities" for the enjoyment of the few in place of better housing and better education for the many. The lazy as well as the idealistic applauded when Tawney cried: "What can be more childish than to urge the necessity that productive power should be increased, if part of the productive power which exists already is misapplied?"

Then, having argued persuasively that "the old industrial order" should, and would, collapse, this British socialist turned all too briefly to the new system which the present Labor Government was destined to establish. Said Tawney:

The object of nationalizing mining or railways or the manufacture of steel should not be to establish any particular form of state management, but to release those who do constructive work from the control of those whose sole interest is pecuniary gain, in order that they may be free to apply their energies to the true purpose of industry, which is the provision of service, not the provision of dividends.

The promised land toward which Professor Tawney looked through rose-colored glasses a generation ago is now the actual state of Britain.

Mining and railways are already nationalized, along with many other services, and the manufacture of steel is about to follow. But it is clear that the nationalized workers, who are now "free to apply their energies to the true purpose of industry," are not altogether happy about it.

At the last annual meeting of the important British Trades Union Congress, in September, the membership voted—against the personal plea of Prime Minister Attlee—for an end of the policy of frozen wage rates. Prices, said the rebellious union leaders, are going steadily up in Britain. Profits, allegedly, are also mounting. But wages remain stationary. The over-all wage index has risen only one per cent in the past 12 months. In the same period the wholesale price index has gone up 12 per cent.

No adequate statistics on recent profits in the dwindling free enterprise segment of British productivity are available. But, as Labor Party spokesmen must now constantly remind the union leaders, in a very large proportion of British industry it no longer makes sense to talk about profits. The nationalized industries, as Professor Tawney urged 30 years ago, are now all on a nonprofit basis. Therefore, increased wages for coal miners, railwaymen, bus drivers, electrical workers, telephone operators and—in the near future—steel workers, cannot be increased without increasing the cost of those services to all consumers. Under socialization there simply are no profits out of which to take up the slack.

Not least among the notable characteristics of the profit system has been its capacity to serve as whipping boy for socialists, whether of the crude soap box, or the cultured academic, variety. But a whipping boy is useful only as long as he is there to be whipped. In Britain the elimination of capitalism is leaving the socialists in the disagreeable position of having nobody but themselves to blame for their difficulties. It is one thing to tell the wage earner in a nationalized industry that he should be satisfied because he is providing an essential service. It is a great deal more difficult to prove that because nobody in England can now be wealthy, the wage earner should welcome regimentation and poverty.

There is a moral for us, in the delayed explosion of Professor Tawney's dream. Here the profit system has been made consistent not only with the accumulation of individual wealth, but also with opportunity for the great majority who are willing and able to work. To humanize this system, in behalf of the less competent, is certainly a more hopeful objective than to abolish it, to the detriment of all. Tawney asserted that this can't be done. Americans are still, fortunately, in a position to reply: "But here it is!"

—FELIX MORLEY



"...TIL YOU LEARN NOT TO HAVE ACCIDENTS!"

CLOSING your door to the forgetful pup is one way to avoid "accidents" in your home.

But protection against accidents in your *business* calls for workmen's compensation insurance services by a strong, progressive organization such as Hardware Mutuals. Know about those services, and compare the *low net cost* with what you're paying now!

Your Hardware Mutuals representative will be glad to give you the whole story. Ask him about our reputation for working sympathetically with injured employees to help them get well... about how employees appreciate our prompt claims

payments... about our Loss Prevention Department's record for helping policyholders eliminate the *causes* of accidents... and about the \$88,500,000 we've returned to policyholders in the form of dividends!

You enjoy many other benefits under our *policy back of the policy*... such as fast, friendly, nationwide, day-and-night service and carefully trained representatives.

Here's what to do. Merely phone *Western Union*, ask for Operator 25 and say you want the name and address of your nearest Hardware Mutuals representative. You'll find him anxious to give you full information... without obligation!

Insurance for your AUTOMOBILE...HOME...BUSINESS

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Stevens Point, Wisconsin · Offices Coast to Coast

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NATION'S BUSINESS for November, 1950



When Time is Short—Whatever the Load— **IT'S A CHEVROLET JOB!**

Moving payloads up to five tons in a matter of minutes is a large order for most trucks. But Chevrolet trucks aren't "most trucks." They'll meet your road schedules. They're safe, sure and rugged. They'll go on and on, mile after mile, and they cost amazingly little to operate and keep up. Chevrolet trucks are built for the load. Advance-Design gives you profitable load space—and plenty of it. Chevrolet trucks are powered for the pull. Heavy-duty models with the Loadmaster engine have *greater horsepower at the clutch* than any of the principal standard-equipped conventional makes in their weight class, 13,000 to 16,000 pounds G.V.W.* There is a Chevrolet Advance-Design truck for every kind of hauling job. To get the best truck for your job, choose Chevrolet—America's preferred truck. We suggest you see your Chevrolet dealer.

*Gross Vehicle Weight



ADVANCE-DESIGN TRUCKS

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

The Month's Business Highlights

EXPERIENCE with controls during World War II is standing the country in good stead in the present emergency. Much has been learned from the mistakes of the 1941-45 period. Then it was necessary to play by ear. The new National Production Authority has sheet music before it.

The most far-reaching single mistake of World War II was the Government's resort to excessive borrowing. Steps that promise to be effective are being taken to insure that as much as possible of the defense effort will be on a pay-as-you-go basis.

Doubtless the President is indulging in wishful thinking in saying that the whole program should be pay as you go. It is obvious that Congress is not going to add \$30,000,000,000 or more to tax levies. If all the money that will have to be spent for armament could be taken out of current income it would solve the problem of inflation, but the shock to the economy would be too great. The pressure of buying power on goods will be cut down by various controls, but they will not eliminate the inflationary effect of the military program. Consumer credit controls are important, but a more powerful deterrent is to restrict the ability of banks to lend to the Government. Loans to government create new money. Such a policy would mean higher interest rates. The Treasury would have to pay more for money. It would make the management of the public debt more difficult. Some decline in the price of existing government securities probably would result. But this would be a small price to pay for saving the country from inflation.

Present plans call for the financing of a larger part of the preparedness program out of taxes than was done in World War II. It is just as important, however, to reduce the nonmilitary expenditures of government. In that, there has been an inexcusable lag. Reduction of non-military expenditures at the state and local levels also is lagging.

Under the new law, taxes will be levied more effectively. Various loopholes have been closed. Enforcement of the law is being better organized. Legislators who formulate revenue bills say that talk about profiteers is futile. Some will charge what the traffic will bear if they can. It is the lawmakers business to thwart such designs. They believe they can do it if the executive branch will



Paul Wooton

provide efficient enforcement. Experience also is making for better administration of consumer credit controls. Restraints are being limited to big items. Efforts to control the smaller ones cost more for administration and cause more irritation than they are worth. Monetary policy also is being administered better in the light of the experience in the 1940's.

During the World War II period many controls were exercised for controls' sake. Supervision was imposed

that required armies of people to do the paper work. Housewives were plagued with coupons and red points. There were stamps for sugar. The system was fast breaking down when peace came. Because of that experience it now will be possible to handle rationing, if it must come, in a better organized way.

The nation still is a long way from full military and economic mobilization. There is a difference when defense requirements call for less than 15 per cent of total production and when it was taking nearly 50 per cent. At the start of World War II it was necessary to suspend the production of many items, including automobiles and housing. Production of most types will have to be reduced to meet the current armament program, but under present conditions the cutbacks can be more gradual and less disturbing to the public and to business.

Whatever may be the demands of the defense program, the goods will be produced. American industry always has risen to any demand made on it. It will mean longer hours and harder work. More workers per family will have to be recruited. Many women, now doing house work only, will accept defense employment. Some who have retired will be recalled to active duty. Everyone will have to put forth more effort. Industry will concentrate on plans directed toward increasing output. Consumer goods output will have to be cut back. Living as usual is a thing of the past, just as is business as usual.

Business inventories at the outbreak of hostilities in Korea, it is re-





OF NATION'S BUSINESS

vealed now, were excessive in terms of prospective demand had the summer remained normal. This was fortunate because the ability to meet scare buying of both consumers' and producers' goods had much to do with the shortening of the period of panic buying and in preventing runaway prices. Looking back on that development, officials are inclined to think it was desirable. It will be helpful, it is pointed out, to have ultimate consumers well stocked as against the time when defense requirements absorb a larger proportion of productive capacity. It also relieves the pressure on producers' and distributors' storage space. It will be recalled that one of the smartest things done in Britain, while the sea lanes still were undisturbed prior to World War II, was to urge consumers to stock up as much as possible.

A strong demand is being made for a heavy sales tax at the retail level as a measure to reduce consumer pressure on goods. The public now is more conscious of the inflationary danger than it was ten years ago. At that time the country, after a long period of hard times, was tuned to fight depression rather than inflation. It had had no experience with inflation for two decades.

Support is coming from the White House for the Federal Reserve restraints on credit expansion. This is fortunate as it is unlikely that the Federal Reserve in wartime would pursue a policy unacceptable to the Administration. This does not mean, however, that the Federal Reserve has to be subservient to the Treasury. When its policies are not agreeable to the Treasury the Federal Reserve must have the support of the President and of Congress if central bank independence is to be maintained.

What appears to be a feasible plan of priorities is being worked out. Military needs get right-of-way when necessary, but announced policy is to interfere as little as possible with the production of ordinary goods. It is recognized that this calls for good organization. Much of the work will have to be assigned to men recruited from business. Gen. William H. Harrison, Production Authority Administrator, is emphasizing careful selection of those being appointed. One of his objectives is to build an organization able to withstand special pressures. He believes in a minimum of preaching and a maximum of action.

Residential construction is likely to be damped down more than is indicated by the rather mild restraints that have been placed on credit. Specu-

lative builders are holding up new projects until they can learn more about prospective labor and materials situations. Since appraisals in connection with Federal Housing Administration mortgages recognize no cost figures later than those of July 1, the buyer will have to meet the higher cost with equivalent increases in the down payment. This may slow down purchases more than the tightening up on mortgage-loan insurance and guarantee programs. Even with the uncertainties of recent months, new building in 1950 probably will be more than double the prewar peak of 1926. Also the outstanding debt of home owners is greater than ever before.

Strength is being imparted to business by the growing feeling that war with Russia may be avoided after all. Business men attach significance to the fact that Russians and Chinese stayed out of the fight in Korea when a small amount of direct aid in the beginning could have made the beachhead untenable. It is becoming more apparent that Russia has been overrated. Credit has been given the Kremlin for more subtlety and more infallibility than it possesses. From Russia's standpoint it was a great blunder to have been absent from the Security Council when help for Korea was voted. So long as it was Soviet policy to leave the actual fighting to the Red Koreans it should have been obvious that they were doomed to defeat as soon as United Nations forces got going. Blunder No. 3 was that the Korean adventure put defense plans in high gear not only in the United States, but in western Europe.

While the metals feel the impact of war demands first, chemicals are not far behind. Explosives and synthetic rubber require the same chemicals as do nylon and rayon. As a result the output of synthetic fibers has to be reduced. More synthetic fiber has to be used for tires, parachute cloth and self-sealing tank linings. That means an early reduction in the amount available for hosiery, apparel, and other civilian uses. During World War II military requirements absorbed the entire output of nylon.

Failure to put wage and price controls into effect in July as Congress intended will be one of the charges hurled at the Administration when Congress reassembles this month. Had prompt action been taken the spiral of advances could have been prevented, some legislators will argue.

Assurances have been given the oil industry that drilling and refining will not have to slow down for want of materials and supplies. Both drilling and refining are at unprecedentedly high levels.

—PAUL WOOTON

A primer on pension funding

YOURS FOR THE ASKING



Pension plans are front-page news these days. They occupy the absorbed attention of labor and management as well as the general public. But in reading the running story of management proposals and labor demands the average business executive and union official are conscious of a vital need—the need to know more about the existing pension programs . . . About costs . . . About methods of funding . . . About short-term expediency vs. long-range planning.

In adopting a pension plan, an employer is shouldering a heavy responsibility. He is undertaking a financial obligation that sets up a stated measure of old age security for his employees. This is no small promise; it is one of the most important promises he will make in his entire business career.

The responsibility sustained by unions and union leaders who participate in pension talks and selection of the final plan is no less grave. Obviously, union leaders want rock-ribbed security for any pension plan which carries their endorsement.

Pension planning is complex. It is little wonder that both management and union officials find it extremely difficult to determine the best and safest plan. Yet there are certain basic steps that, once taken, offer immediate and long-range assurance that the solemn promise of security will be fulfilled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

As the originator of group insurance, with more than twenty years' experience in sound pension development, The Equitable Society has the facts and the background vital to every pension discussion, plus a nation-wide staff of specialists to answer your questions—without obligation. Yours for the asking is a new booklet, "The Pension Service of The Insurance Company," which tells an interesting story about the commonly used methods of funding pension costs.

This valuable booklet, a primer on pension funding, should be in your business library—on your conference desk—at arm's reach—when you need to know these vital facts relating to pension costs.

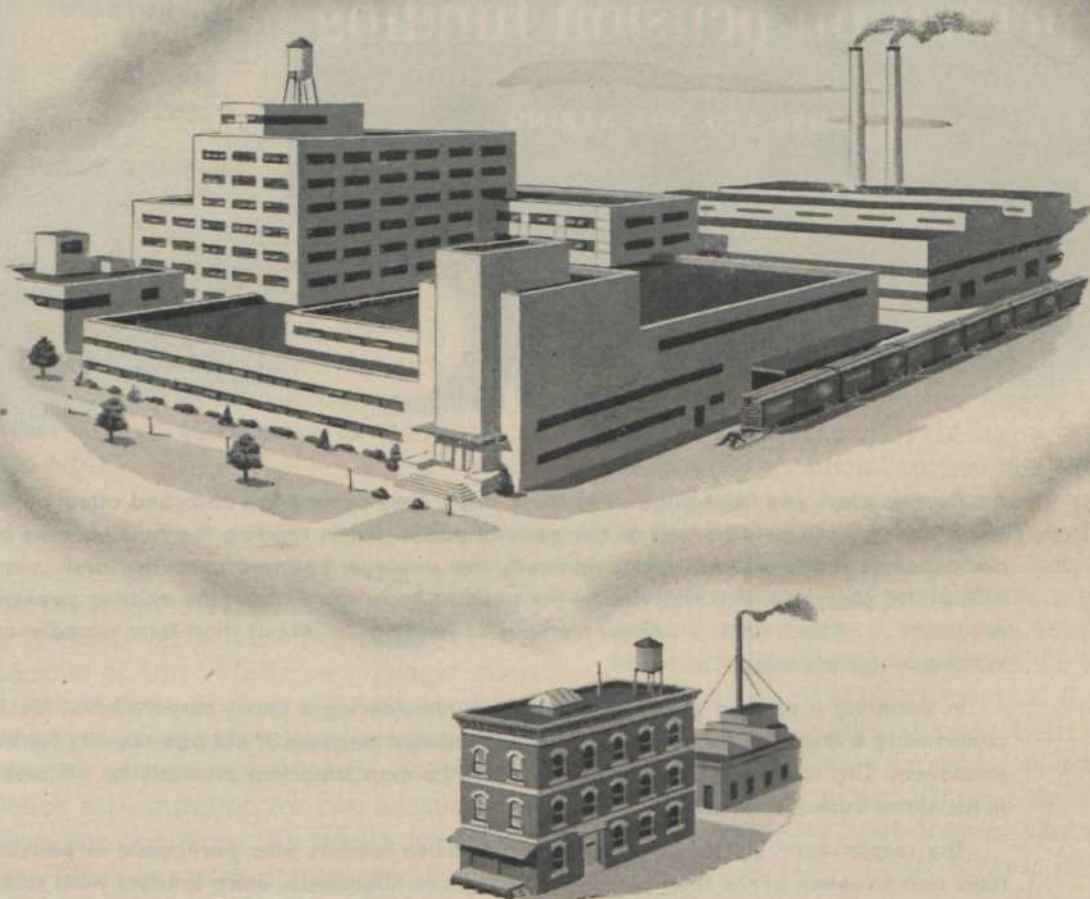
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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Washington Scenes

IT IS a characteristic of the times that good news seems to bring along its own damper. Let there be a success, as in the case of Korea, and somebody is sure to see a collateral danger.

So it is that Washington, otherwise confident in these autumn days, finds itself with a disturbing thought: What if the American people get bored and tire of paying the bills and filling the ranks of our growing military establishment?

President Truman is ready to fight any attempt in Congress to cut back the big arms program. Secretary of State Acheson and other administration orators also are prepared to warn against a letdown. But the man whose voice will carry the most weight is the new Secretary of Defense, 69-year-old Gen. George C. Marshall.

Marshall is a towering world figure, famous both as a soldier and a statesman. However, it isn't this alone that gives him his great prestige with Americans; it is his character. He is that rarity in Washington, a man apart from and above politics, who has no ambition but to serve. Such a man can wield great influence among his countrymen, and it may be that this will be Marshall's big task in the days ahead.

So far the chief result of his return is this, that the White House, the State Department and the Pentagon now are on the same wave length. Foreign policy and military policy are completely integrated and harmonious.

General Marshall has brought a sure hand to the Pentagon. He needed no briefing when he took over; he just moved into the big office overlooking the Potomac and began to give the orders. Nowadays he gets to work at 9 a.m. and leaves at 4 p.m.

This last, though seemingly commonplace, really is remarkable when considered against some background.

The unfortunate James Forrestal, our first Secretary of Defense, had no regular working schedule. He would call up his associates at all hours, midnight and later, to talk about official business. On the rare occasions when he played golf, he would take along documents and read them in his limousine as he traveled to and from the nearby Burning Tree Club. In his intense patriotism, he never let up. Ultimately the job devoured him.

Louis Johnson, who succeeded Forrestal, also



Edward T. Folliard

worked hard, but in a different way. He not only toiled long hours at his desk, but at the big dining table in his sumptuous outer office. His guests—often members of Congress, Republicans as well as Democrats—always got a sales talk about the Department of Defense. It was his zeal, in part, which cost Johnson his job. The White House didn't like some of the things he did in his efforts to make friends and influence people.

General Marshall will do the job in his own way, and it won't be the way of Forrestal or Johnson. Outside of office hours, he will guard his health, resting, riding horseback or puttering in his Leesburg, Va., garden.

Mr. Truman, in picking him for the job, turned to one whom he considers to be the greatest American of his times. This generous estimate doesn't sit too well with some people hereabouts. They don't mind the President putting Marshall ahead of himself; what bothers them is a suspicion that he also puts him ahead of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and that they would regard as a heresy.

Marshall doesn't seem much concerned about his place in history. Being a professional soldier, he doubtless feels that he reached the summit of his career in 1941-45 when he was chief of staff of the Army, directing the most powerful forces ever loosed in war.

Probably the best appraisal of him came at the end of that war, and from a Republican, Henry L. Stimson. The two had worked together intimately during the war years, with an unlocked door connecting their offices. Stimson, at a farewell press conference before retiring as Secretary of War, talked with great feeling about Marshall.

He said:

"Our day-to-day, almost hour-to-hour consideration of plans and policies has given me an unparalleled opportunity to measure the stature of this great and modest man. . . . General Marshall's leadership takes its authority directly from his great strength of character. I have never known a man who seemed so surely to breath the democratic





OF NATION'S BUSINESS

credit for duties well done. . . . His devotion to the nation he serves is a vital quality, which infuses everything he does. In the course of a long lifetime, much of it spent in positions of public trust, I have had considerable experience with men in government. General Marshall has given me a new gauge of what such service should be.

"The destiny of America . . . has been in the hands of a great and good citizen. Let no man forget it."

Not many have forgotten it. True, Marshall has his critics, on the left and on the right. But most people here seem to regard him as the citizens of Rome must have regarded old Cincinnatus, who twice left his plow to serve his country in a crisis.

Marshall is especially esteemed on Capitol Hill, and there was an extraordinary testimonial of this in 1948, when he was Secretary of State. The occasion was a State of the Union address by President Truman, delivered before a joint session of Congress. All the other Cabinet officers were seated when Marshall, delayed by something or other, came into the House chamber alone. The senators and representatives, seeing him, got to their feet and applauded heartily. It was completely spontaneous.

Marshall, as soldier and statesman, has come to know the world as few men know it, and also the world's leaders, Premier Stalin included. He had long talks with the Russian dictator in 1947, during the abortive Moscow conference on a German peace treaty, and seems at least to have won his respect.

Those who were present have told of Stalin's demeanor at a big vodka blowout in the Kremlin on the night before the conference broke up. Toasts, as usual, rang out in the magnificent St. George's room. Stalin paid little attention as Bevin and Bidault spoke. Then Marshall arose and offered a toast. Stalin, so the story goes, dropped his air of indifference and forgot to puff on his cigarette as the American talked.

"My country is a young country," Marshall said, "and like all peoples in such a country, our people are impatient. They are impatient to see Europe back on its feet, healthy and productive and happy once more. . . ."

Those words were a tip-off to what was to come,

American spirit. He is a soldier, and yet he has a profound distaste for anything that savors of militarism.

"He is the most generous of men, keeping himself in the background so that his subordinates may receive all

the Marshall Plan. They also pointed to something that is at the bottom of the uneasiness that exists in Washington today.

Americans are, in truth, an "impatient" people. Perhaps this helps to explain their greatness, and their primacy in the world today. But it also is a virtue that may have its defects.

"We are, as our history demonstrates," wrote David L. Cohn recently, "a 100-yard dash nation; a distance at which we are incomparable. Our enemy, however, is an endurance runner. . . . No sprinter, he plods toward the goal he long ago set for himself."

There never has been any question about the willingness or ability of Americans to act in a crisis. Korea was proof of it, if any were needed. The big question now concerns their staying power. It is put this way: Suppose there is no crisis; suppose that the Russians stop provoking us for a while—what then? Will we become weary of high taxes and conscription, and want to get back to business as usual?

Some observers here think it is a libel on Americans even to suggest such a thing. They remind you that the people usually have been ahead of Washington in the drive for a strong Army, Navy, and Air Force. They argue that the people have long been aware that Russia respects only strength and that a strong American military establishment is our best hope of avoiding war. Our military men hope this is true, but in the meantime they are haunted by the memory of what happened after World War I and World War II.

It was Gen. Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who first voiced these fears, saying:

"Today, the greatest danger that faces this nation—and its friendly neighbors in the North Atlantic community—is this: that this nation will let down its guard.

"Having agreed to certain forces for the defense of western Europe, we cannot vacillate and fall back on these agreements. The security of this nation is a long-range problem which can only be met by long-range commitments. . . .

"Twice before American soldiers, sailors and airmen have had to go to war in Europe. This time we intend to be there with our friends before it starts, in the hope that our obvious determination may deter aggressors and keep them from starting it at all."

Naturally, this also is Secretary Marshall's view. Sometimes he thinks that Americans ought to remind themselves that the doctrine of preparedness is not new, but old—as old as the republic itself. Its illustrious exponent was his own great hero, George Washington.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

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ARMS

and the Business Man

By LEO CHERNE

Executive Secretary, Research Institute of America

HERE'S what we are up against in the half-war: renewal of economic controls, huge expense. The bright side is tremendous industrial output

TEN YEARS—and the clock is turned full circle. As in 1940, troops on a distant battlefield leave their footprints on every phase of American life. Once again America's industrial sinews provide the material needed for democracy's arsenal. But this time the distant troops are preponderantly ours. This time the battlefield, though not of our choice, was the place where we elected to fight. And now, unlike a decade ago, there is no debate behind mobilization—either industrial or military. Arms will dominate every move of the business man.

To understand the industrial mobilization plans being readied, as well as those yet to come, it is important that we understand the similarities and differences between 1940 and 1950. In 1940, a vast debate embroiled all of the American people—a debate as to whether the United States should in any sense participate in a war then completely foreign. Except for an occasional maverick, there is no such debate today.

The contest between the Soviet Union and the United States is inescapable. Since our participation in arming England and France in 1940 was itself the subject for argument, it was inevitable that the degree of economic restraint upon the American community should cause even greater disagreement, and it did. There were no formal

legal powers to sustain price and wage control until five months after Pearl Harbor. Now they're already law.

Then public pressure compelled President Roosevelt to disavow the War and Navy Departments' industrial mobilization planning. Such is not the case today for President Truman. Bernard Baruch has even criticized the Administration for not having an industrial mobilization plan.

Many months of bitter dispute intervened a decade ago before higher personal and corporate taxes, without an excess-profits levy, were enacted. Now the highest rates of all time went through Congress with only scattered opposition. Even then a substantial number from both parties were unwilling to recess without first passing a levy on excess profits.

Perhaps the most fundamental distinction is in the formulation and administration of the mobilization program. It wasn't until well past mid-war that a set of agencies and something like proper centralized administration were shaped up in the Washington maelstrom. Now the National Security Resources Board, under the leadership of Stuart Symington, already stands as central planner, adviser to the President, guide to the various agencies administering controls, and the arbiter in disputes.

These distinctions between now and then are sharp and the effects will be equally pronounced. They mean that action taken in Washington affecting your business will be more precise, better integrated, more rapid. It doesn't mean, though, that the regulations program will be harder hitting.

For one thing, America's productive capacity has almost doubled its pre-1940 strength. It can, therefore, more readily produce both guns and butter. This won't be true in the event of full war. But the degree of rearmament that was needed to meet the urgency of Korea and the threat of other satellite aggressions can be satisfied while we still retain some substantial measure of our civilian comforts. Even the many gadgets, geegaws, gimmicks and furbelows turned out by inventive, extravagant, resourceful and wasteful America will not disappear, though they face a tougher struggle for material and manpower.

Another reason that the impact, for a while at least, will be milder is that we are still living in a half-war world. To be sure, there is no debate about the differences between the United States and the Soviet Union. But there is a great and responsible difference of opinion as to how wide the gap, whether it will bring the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. into direct collision, whether, as a matter of fact, the

United Nations victory in Korea might not even reduce the Soviet impetus toward aggression.

Another substantial difference lies in the administration of future economic controls. The mobilization of the economy for World War II came on the heels of the New Deal's experiment with social reform and economic intervention. Many of those who administered war controls previously had indicated their desire to alter some of the characteristics of the American economy. Even when Roosevelt had set aside his New Deal objectives and assumed the garb of "Dr. Win-the-War," it was difficult to persuade some of his lieutenants that both the New Deal and the victory might not be achieved in the same process. This time the New Deal is in exile, and the Symingtons, Harrisons, Sawyers and Snyders write the rules that govern your business. These rules, wise or unwise, mild or hard-hitting, will flow from one motivation alone, their estimate of the needs of the garrison state.

It's hard, though, to simplify Washington even in these terms. No regulations will emerge completely as the regulators would have them. No regulation fully resembles what the economist believes is best to assure the result. There is the much abused word, "politics," and whether you visualize the politician in a white toga or vulture's feathers, he is omnipresent.

The present defense mobilization law, for example, which gives the President powers to control prices but makes sure that agricultural commodities are substantially immune at any point where it would hurt—that's politics. In fact, it's bipartisan politics. A different approach would have had trouble enlisting a majority of either party. Nor does politics end there. It's unlikely that, had the law been written differently, the President or the Economic Stabilization Agency would have dared to control agricultural prices at a level lower than that permitted by the law.

Or take the provision that calls for wages to be stabilized wherever the price in a particular industry is fixed. That, too, is politics. Or the more subtle distinction the law makes when it calls for price *ceilings* and wage *stabilization*, not wage ceilings. In an employee society, which ours has become, it might have been political suicide to do otherwise. The language of the law was dictated by politics.

But, for the moment, the price of politics will not be high. The pinch on us is not as great as it was the last time. The shipping lanes of the world are open. The sources of Far Eastern strategic materials, except for China, are still available to us. Thanks largely to the Marshall Plan, European production already has exceeded pre-World War II levels. And—this one fact reasserts itself—we're at half-war.

The arms demand on our national production reflects this state of half-war. It will, in turn, be reflected in the nature of the restraints on business. The \$30,000,000,000 we'll spend this year for our military establishments, as well as for those of our allies, isn't chicken feed. It's double what we have been spending. But in terms of the bite out of the economy, the percentage is still small. Ultimately, or in roughly two years, perhaps \$60,000,000,000, or about a quarter of our present federal spending may be devoted to military needs. Even this extraordinary amount is still, in percentage terms, modest compared to World War II.

But percentages don't tell the story, either of our present rate of military expenditure or with any increased amount. In contrast to World War II, every billion that we spend must come out of our civilian hides. There was precious little slack in our economy on June 25. Steel was being consumed to capacity. Our facilities were just about totally employed. Our manpower had only a statistical 3,000,000 unemployed. Contrast this with the



9,000,000 unemployed in 1939; with the more than 10,000,000 women and oldsters who were not even counted among the employable.

Bear in mind, too, that our present total manpower, with almost no reserve unused, must supply the increasing needs of the armed forces. Particularly hurt will be the younger, more resilient, frequently better-trained personnel. Most of our foremen who will bear

the brunt of tomorrow's output are in the group less than 40 years old. The scientific, professional and technical personnel, so important to the services, are in the age group prized by the Army. In addition, we still face several years of shortage among the 20-year-olds because of the lower birth rate during the depression. This means that many a business will feel the draft before mid-1951.

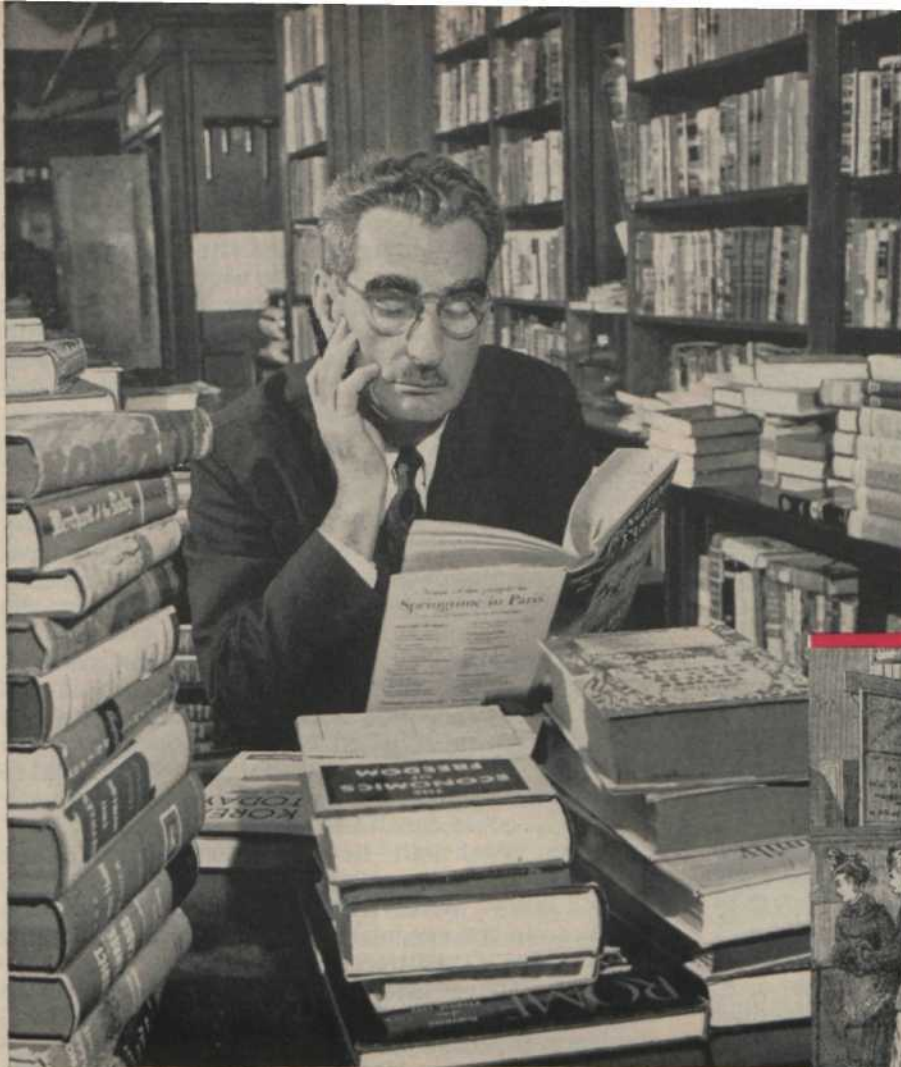
Nor will deferments be easy to get for those less than 30. Most companies would be wise to use care in requesting them. Such restraint builds good will, an important factor when truly irreplaceable personnel is tapped. It has been estimated officially that, because of the drain by both the arms industry and the armed forces, average civilian enterprise will have to get along with 25 per cent less personnel than it currently employs.

There's another reason why the percentage of our economy that will be devoted to arms doesn't tell the story, even though the present military outlay represents one ninth of our total output. Where steel is concerned 12 per cent—perhaps more—will be diverted to military uses. It's also estimated that 75 per cent of the military demand will be for light, flat, rolled steel. This would represent 9,000,000 tons against a total output in that category of about 29,000,000 tons. In other words, even if we only divert one ninth of our economy from civilian to military uses, it can represent a 30 per cent reduction in the supply of certain essential categories of steel. That 30 per cent would hurt.

The situation in tin and several other metals is more acute. Thanks to lower demand in 1949, we just about managed to meet our needs for tin. The higher civilian consumption we reached before Korea was itself enough to strain our supplies. Now add to that both military consumption for armament and stockpiling and you have some measure of the pinch in even the first year of this post-Korean world.

Nor will our difficulties flow solely from stepped-up American purchases. Russian buying will increase our shortage and boost our prices. The Research Institute of America has learned, for example, that Russia recently enlarged its stockpiling program greatly. More than 40,000 tons of rubber were sold to Russia in June and July. Simultaneously, Czecho-

(Continued on page 90)



JOE COVELLO FROM BLACK STAR
Joseph Margolies started out with the firm in 1912.
Now chief buyer, he scans some 200 books every week



BROWN BROTHERS
The chain's first store looked like this in 1871

Booksellers to the World

By ARTHUR D. MORSE

THE TRANQUIL 98 year tradition of Brentano's, the world's largest chain of bookstores, was ruffled by a recent decision to switch from hand to machine bookkeeping. Management had concluded reluctantly that the old hand ledgers were a bit overburdened by a \$5,000,000 annual gross from the sale of some 2,000,000 books. This saddened the women in Accounts Receivable who felt that their personal relationship with creditors had been severed. One of many qualities responsible for Brentano's reputation as one of the most honored names in book-selling is its personal touch—even with Accounts Receivable!

Fortunately the sales clerks of the key Brentano store at Fifth Avenue and 47th Street in New York City are in no danger of mechanization for their gentle erudition is as essential to the store's mellow atmosphere as its 40,000 titles. A less gifted sales staff could hardly handle the eccentrics, celebrities and scholars who may want the latest volume on

the wing span of wasps or "a thick book with a red cover for \$1."

There was, for example, the dignified gentleman with the carnation and the walking stick who was so shocked by his nephew's comic book collection that he rushed to Brentano's to buy the boy a healthy substitute. Having thought of the perfect book, one which combined romance and adventure with lasting literary values, he twirled his cane with conviction as he approached a clerk at the information desk.

"Madam," he said loftily, "I should like a copy of 'The Scarlet Pumpnickel.'"

Madam previously had supplied "The Devil and Daniel Webster" to a customer who had demanded "God And Daniel Boone," so she was able to fetch "The Scarlet Pimpernel" without a smile.

May Ryan, who presides over the information desk, has been answering such requests for 32 years. Like her associates, she has a compassionate atti-

tude about customer errors. When people ask for books by Ibid she always answers, "Please don't be embarrassed, I just found out about that myself—just the other day."

This deft handling of scarlet pumpnickels and wayward ibids is in the best tradition of Arthur Brentano, Sr. A small, impeccable gentleman who refused an office and fled from financial statements, Brentano sold books from the floor until his death at the age of 86. During a 71 year span his courtly manners and limitless knowledge of old and rare books blended to create the firm's rare vintage flavor. With meticulous care Brentano hired colleagues capable of perpetuating this atmosphere and any shopper at the Fifth Avenue store will attest to his success.

It was Arthur's uncle, August Brentano, who began the family career in 1853. August set up a table of books on New York's lower East Side under the hopeful sign, "Brentano's Literary Emporium." By 1865 he had prospered enough to share a cigar-maker's store opposite the fashionable New York Hotel. The hotel catered to wealthy foreigners and August and his emporium soaked up some of the elegance that drifted across the street.

Business boomed when the hotel's patrons learned that August was New York's only importer of tip sheets from European race tracks. In 1870 he continued his march uptown, moving to 33 Union Square where the customers included Ulysses S. Grant, Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Cullen Bryant.

It was in 1873 that 15 year old Arthur Brentano arrived from Evansville, Ind. His father, sister and one of his brothers had died in the cholera epidemic of '66 and the boy had come to work for his Uncle August. Work he did! At 5:30 a.m. he was in the store ready for the morning newspaper route from Broadway to North River and there was another

trek in the evening. Between routes young Brentano delivered, sorted and stacked books and in a short time knew more about the stock than August. Soon customers ignored the salesmen and consulted Arthur about their purchases. After two years of successful selling it occurred to the boy to ask for a raise. Although August refused the request, he did extend the newspaper route to 65th Street.

In 1882 Arthur and his brother bought out their uncle and Arthur forgot his newspapers as he built the most diversified book stock in America, one of the keys to the firm's success. Soon there were branches in Washington and Paris and one elementary school grammar listed Brentano and Tiffany as synonyms for quality.

It was in Paris in 1890 that Arthur met Maria Louise Sepulveda Lan Franco, a 17 year old beauty who combined the fire of two of California's most aristocratic Spanish families. She followed romantic tradition by eluding her chaperone to marry the handsome bookseller.

Brentano's distinguished bearing and natural charm appealed to the humble and the great and book buyers like Lillian Russell, Theodore Roosevelt and John Drew relished his acquaintance. With Brentano branches sprouting from New York to Honolulu, Arthur avoided paperwork, hiring executives so he could continue to sell from the floor.

As the "front man" he embodied the spirit of the store and his personality was always the root of its individuality. When he died in 1944 his son, who had been in the executive chair for 17 years, carried on the family tradition.

Today there are two additional Brentano branches in New York, nine in Washington, D. C., one each in Philadelphia, San Francisco and Hartford, Conn., two in Honolulu and one in Paris—but the Fifth Avenue store is unrivaled. There the nation's artistic, social and financial leaders browse

with other book lovers, gift buyers and specialists in obscure fields. But the fact that 68 of the store's employees have served Brentano's for more than ten years is not proof of their infallibility.

Take the Hollywood starlet who asked for a book on the birds and bees and was sent to the juvenile department. There a clerk gravely informed her that he had books on birds and others on bees but none which combined both. Finally the young lady stammered that she *really* wanted to read about humans. Eventually she reached the books on sex matters—a department whose popularity often presents problems to its overseer, Harold Levison. The latter respects the book buyer's luxury of browsing but it is often overdone in his corner of the store.

One man spent several consecutive lunch hours reading "Ideal Marriage" until Levison, a master of tact, asked whether he could be of assistance.

"Oh no," said the man, "just looking for a book on farming."

Other books on farming have led the store's list of best sellers. "Forever Amber," for example, set a Brentano sales record of 28,000 copies. Joseph Margolies, the chief book buyer, who has an unerring eye for a



JOE COVELLO FROM BLACK STAR

Among the items to be found in the Old and Rare Department are treasured manuscripts such as these being shown to a customer

best seller, made an initial order of 10,000 copies, a whopping order in the publishing field, and has been reordering ever since.

Margolies was hired by Arthur Brentano in 1912 at \$12 a week. Although Brentano cautioned him constantly about keeping his shoes shined and his collar starched, he rose steadily and now is a vice president. As chief buyer he scans 200 new books a week and reports that the trend is from fiction to the factual, with the ideal best-seller title revised from "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog" to "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog's Psychiatrist."

Culture takes strange turns on the main floor of the Fifth Avenue store where the foibles of high society are on constant display. One of New York's most prominent families recently ordered "a 42 foot bookshelf filled with books of a predominantly green color." The store also receives orders for empty but expensive full-leather bindings which are placed in the simulated libraries of the fashionable.

Customer buying habits vary greatly. George Washington Hill, the late tobacco huckster, used to enter when the store was most crowded, throw his arms wide and roar, "Miss Hopf, I'm here." Thus began a raucous day for Miss Hopf which occasionally resulted in a single sale. The other extreme is represented by the versatile Tommy Manville who simply strolls over to shelves filled with westerns, points and says, "I'll take *this* shelf."

Brentano's mezzanine once featured a sculptor who expected to do heads of children. However, the customers brought in their dogs instead and, although the work was remunerative, the inability of the dogs to hold a pose forced the harassed sculptor to resign. Having a sculptor around was somewhat unconventional anyway so now Brentano's has a man named Crosby McArthur who sells seashells on the mezzanine.

According to McArthur, seashell collecting is an ever-growing hobby, though not yet a pastime of the masses. His specimens range up to \$100 but you can get a nice egg-laying tree snail for \$1.50 and for \$5 he'll throw in the egg. The \$100 job is an elegant *Thatcheria Mirabilis* which was fetched from some deep water off Japan.

McArthur constantly is amazed by the Brentano's clientele which seems not at all surprised by seashells among the 40,000 books. One woman, however, kept staring at him as she bought one expensive shell after another. Finally she couldn't contain herself any longer, beamed at him and said, "I'll never forget this moment—these shells will have a place of honor on my mantel and whenever I look at them I'll think of you, General."

Not far from the seashells is the desk of Laurence Gomme who heads the Old and Rare Book Department. Gomme arrived from England in 1907 with letters of introduction to Arthur Brentano, Sr., who, after subjecting him to a grueling quiz on literary lore, accepted his services at the usual \$12 a week and told him to report to work on Monday. Gomme walked out of the store dazed by the honor of having met the great man but he realized suddenly that \$12 was a ridiculously low salary so he quickly found another position at \$14. Fortunately, he was fired before Monday so he reported to Brentano, Sr., as scheduled.

The great bookseller, wearing his usual navy blue suit, high starched collar and dark tie scrutinized the newcomer through his pince-nez.

"Well!" said Brentano.

(Continued on page 92)



JOE COVELLO FROM BLACK STAR

May Ryan, who presides over the information desk, has been answering queries for more than 30 years

Brentano's youthful new president, Nixon Griffis, right, instituted changes that cut costs 14 per cent

JOE COVELLO FROM BLACK STAR



When



Screen stars, business men, playboys have been heard

ANYONE who disputes the Government's ruling on his income return may challenge the revenue people. Here's what happens when the law steps in

THE RELATIONSHIP existing between the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and the American taxpayer can be a thing of many moods. Last March 15, the commissioner made it clear that he *liked* taxpayers. "This" (our system), he declared, "is the greatest example of self-assessment and voluntary taxation in history. In most countries, the Government sends men around to check the citizen's books and tells him what to pay. But here the taxpayer tells us what he owes and pays it!"

Suddenly and unexpectedly the happy mood may change. The trouble usually starts when the Bureau of Internal Revenue writes:

"Dear Sir—The commissioner

has found a deficiency of \$746.34 in the tax against you in reference to the year 1948."

No longer amiable, the commissioner now advises the taxpayer that he had no right to claim his Aunt Amelia as a dependent, that he had deducted too lavishly for his entertainment, that he had somehow failed to report his full income.

The holiday spirit blasted, the citizen may demand that the commissioner meet him in court.

The tribunal for settling this rift is the Tax Court of the United States, a body of 16 traveling judges. Each year, the Court hears some 5,000 taxpayers who feel they are being pushed around. In Washington, D. C., and in 50 other

cities on their circuits, the judges face more abstruse legal snarls, handle larger money matters and hear a greater variety of petitioners than almost any court in the land. Yet the Tax Court is little known to the public.

As the high tribunal of exemptions and deductions, the Court stands between the commissioner who disputes a return and the citizen who says he was right in the first place. Since 1924, when it was founded, the Court has settled litigation amounting to more than \$5,000,000,000. Through this quarter century, it has listened to the tax troubles and private lives of



screen stars and bookies, playboys and business men, gangsters and millionaires.

Out of this battle between taxpayer and Government, the Court has emerged impartial, judicial and calm. Its cases have been as varied as the ways of spending money and as unpredictable. It has declared that a wife may not deduct the allowance she pays her husband, an old seafarer, for staying at home by the hearth; that a man may not deduct for alimony he pays his ex-wife; that a race track bookie's receipts are income

Taxpayers Go to Court

By MILTON LEHMAN

(and taxable). At the same time, it has found that a citizen is not obliged to pay taxes on funds he embezzles—the funds legally belong to the company he stole them from.

Within recent months the Court has faced charges from attorneys that it is a rich man's tribunal. Most of its cases are brought by taxpayers, who have large amounts at stake that are worth the legal expenses involved. While the Court is expert at handling these cases, the attorneys say, it doesn't offer much relief to the person who can't afford a lawyer. At its annual convention last year, the

clearly not worth the trouble of the Tax Court or taxpayer.

But today, the tax base has been broadened to reach 50,000,000 Americans and the rate has been increased greatly, starting at 20 per cent. A married man with two children making \$6,000 pays a total tax of \$662. If the commissioner increases this income \$500 by disallowing a deduction, the additional tax is \$110. Last year, for example, the Bureau audited and asked for additional taxes on 2,000,000 returns on incomes of less than \$7,000. In these cases, it collected additional taxes of \$289,760,000—an average of \$144.88 per case.

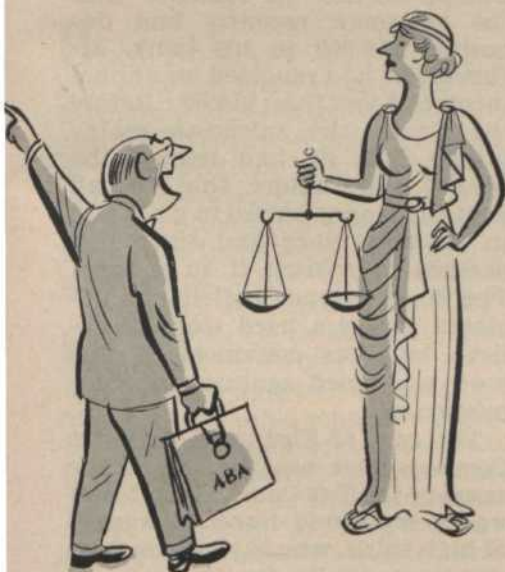
For the small business man who receives such greetings from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, there are three alternatives. He may bring his case before the technical staff of the Bureau itself, which maintains offices in some 32 cities. He may appeal to the Tax Court, which usually requires him to travel some distance and take his witnesses, attorney or accountant along. Or he may drop the

case and pay the additional tax, reasoning that the cost of appeal would amount to more than the tax involved.

"To people in the lower brackets," say the lawyers, "\$100 is a lot of money. But it's not so much that you want to spend \$200 to fight for it."

Obviously, the attorneys argue, something ought to be done. One proposal of the Bar Association would create a subcommission of lawyers throughout the country to hear the small taxpayer in his own town, informally record his grievance and render a decision. This tribunal would be inexpensive to the taxpayer and independent of the commissioner. The attorneys themselves would operate on a nonprofit basis, accepting their duties to render more perfect justice to the small taxpayer.

As one advocate of the Bar Association plan declares: "No country has more willing, law-abiding taxpayers than the United States. Our people comply with the tax laws as a matter of principle, unlike many countries where tax evasion



American Bar Association drew up a bill of particulars in which it claimed that the small taxpayer wasn't getting a square shake.

When the Tax Court was established, the lawyers say, there were only 5,000,000 taxpayers in the United States. In those days, a married man with two children paid no tax unless his income exceeded \$3,300, and then only four per cent on the first \$4,000 of excess. If the Bureau of Internal Revenue cared to add \$500 to his income by disallowing a deduction, the additional tax was only \$20—



The court once ruled a wife could not deduct an allowance she gave her seafaring mate for staying home by the hearth

is common practice. We want to preserve the people's good faith in the tax system. And we think our plan will work."

Neither the Tax Court nor the commissioner, however, are fond of this particular plan. They consider it awkward and unmanageable, creating more problems than it solves, and believe that the present system will work if the taxpayers understand it better.

Although the Bar Association plan has been drafted as a House resolution, Congress has taken no action to pass it.

Of all the tax enigmas, the problem of the small taxpayer is still the hardest to solve. Technically, of course, he may argue his case before the Court without benefit of counsel and a few hardy citizens actually do. Receptive to his plight, the Court keeps an open door to the small claimant and tries to show him his rights. On request,

judges said. "But, after all, tax law is complex and sometimes discouraging. Usually, the petitioner needs a lawyer to speak for him."

Most citizens who study the "Rules of Practice" conclude that the fight is beyond them. In resignation, they pay what the Bureau of Internal Revenue says they owe. Their letters to the Tax Court make the legal procedure involved seem about as simple as "Pilgrim's Progress."

"Dear Judge," wrote a citizen from Sylacauga, Ala.: "This is to advise that we have decided to pay this tax, even though we feel like we do not owe all of it, but it would be too expensive to carry it through your honorable court."

"I tried to get the internal revenue and they would send me no paper so I could fill them out," said a man from Fort Worth, Texas, retiring in a state of utter confusion. "Since I have to go through so

ness of paying additional taxes. Often they are mistaken, but they feel they have a just cause. And sometimes they aren't mistaken."

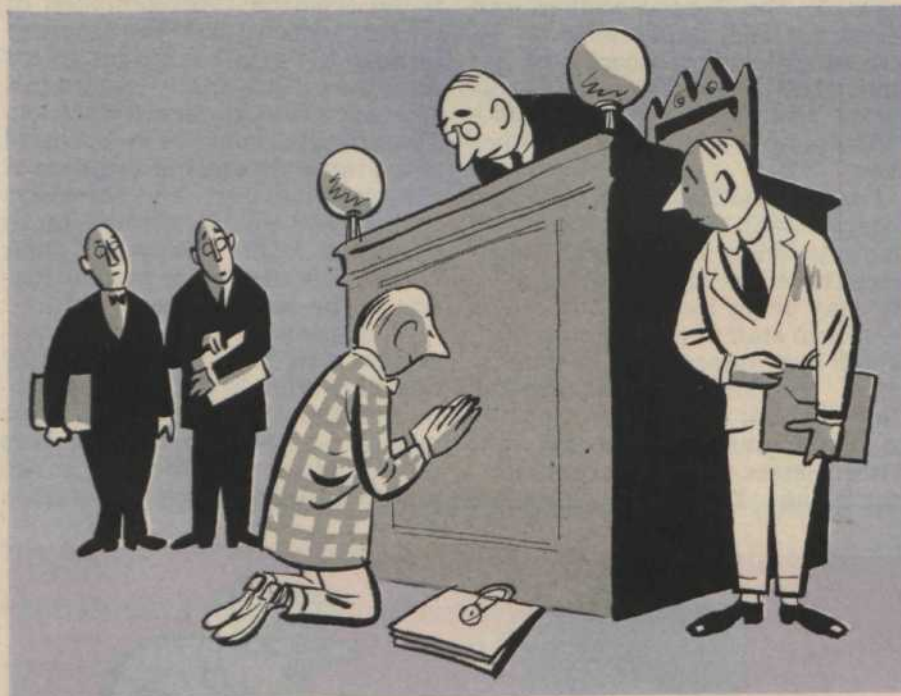
Whenever it can, the tribunal is happy to help the uncounseled through the legal maze. But such cases where the individual of modest means successfully fights his own appeal are rare.

Judge Richard L. Disney heard one of them in Birmingham, Ala., the *Case of the Bicycle Deduction*. Mr. and Mrs. John B. Rives, filing a joint return, had claimed their 14 year old son John, Jr., as a \$500 exemption. The commissioner disagreed. Young John, he maintained, had earned \$500.37 on his newspaper route and as delivery boy for a local drugstore, and therefore was nondeductible. Before Judge Disney, his parents argued that John's actual income was somewhat less than the critical \$500—he had been obliged to pay \$2.50 for bicycle repairs and his bicycle was vital to his earning ability. Judge Disney upheld the petitioners.

A few years ago, the Court also upheld an elderly West Virginia salesman who was penalized for fraud and tax deficiency. The Bureau turned up evidence that the salesman recently had deposited \$50,000 in his bank, although he had reported an annual income of less than \$5,000. Before the Court, the salesman maintained that he had earned the \$50,000 years before, that he had kept the money buried in glass jars in his back yard and since had decided to entrust it to a bank. The Court listened judiciously, declared it was a hard story to believe but was convinced it was true, and ruled against the commissioner.

The case of *Eleanor E. Meier v. Commissioner* became one of the sagas of the Tax Court. Miss Meier was a registered nurse, a woman of high spirit, who battled the Bureau successfully for the sake of \$3.04. Since 1940, the Bureau of Internal Revenue had disallowed the cost of nurses' uniforms as a business deduction, ruling that uniforms took the place of ordinary clothing and were not deductible. Miss Meier refused to pay the \$3.04 assessed her as additional tax, won her case before the Tax Court and won it again when the commissioner appealed the decision before the Circuit Court of Appeals. Today, a nurse may deduct for uniforms with no questions asked.

From taxpayers who successfully
(Continued on page 80)



The tribunal's "rules of practice" can be helpful unless taken too literally, as did one who offered a "prayer for relief"

it dispatches an imposing document called "Rules of Practice Before the Tax Court," complete with 64 rules.

The "rules" advise a challenged person to submit a petition to the Court with a \$10 filing fee within 90 days after being declared in error. The petitioner is then obliged to wait until the Court docket the case in Washington or one of the other cities on its circuit. Then the taxpayer may come to explain things.

"We try to make this procedure as simple as we can," one of the

much I have decided to go ahead and pay the tax."

A gentleman from Philadelphia declared: "The literature your office sent me doesn't enlighten me as I only understand common English. As I see it, you are trying to get money which I don't owe and to do so you want me to pay \$10 to prove I don't. . . . I don't want to hear from your department again."

Considering the lawyerless petitioners, John W. Kern, presiding judge of the Tax Court, is sympathetic. "In all sincerity," he says, "they question the correct-



The Bug Bomb Challenges the Atom

By WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

BUGS DO MAKE the news. Earlier this year the lowly potato bug figured in the headlines when Russia accused the United States of unleashing a flood of these pests in Red territory. And more recently, also due to Russian activity, other bugs and the men who work with them became the subject of a newspaper story.

Top Red scientists, this story reported, appealed to American bacteriologists to turn their backs on germ warfare, and walk in the ways of peace. The appeal named some of our leading researchers in the field of bacteriology and asked them if they were willing to "permit the use of their achievements in bacteriology as weapons in the hands of warmongers and to allow the conversion of their laboratories and institutes into death factories."

Just what sort of an addition to our arsenal of democracy are these unseen, little-heralded weapons that Red researchers express concern over? And how do they stack up against some of the better-known weapons of modern warfare.

A scarcely noticed memorandum submitted to the United Nations on Sept. 26, 1947, by the American Association of Scientific Workers yields a few clues:

"Germ warfare has now been developed into a major weapon of mass destruction. Contrasted with atomic warfare it is cheap and simple. Atomic

warfare requires enormous amounts of expensive materials and equipment, huge installations, and a very high level of industrial potential and technology. Germ warfare requires only laboratories—most of the weapons can be prepared in breweries or distilleries. Germ warfare offers a varied and flexible group of weapons. It could be used to destroy men, animals or plants selectively—or merely to make them useless, and, if desired, perhaps only temporarily.

"Unlike atomic warfare it would not destroy property. It is the pre-eminent terror weapon because its effects always would be delayed rather than instantaneous, and because it would employ strange or altered or artificially combined diseases. It might be used to produce casualties in large numbers or in such a way that only a few cases would be needed to demoralize a whole population. Germ warfare epitomizes the total war that is now ready for use."

In 1949 the Navy's astute and retired Rear Adm. Ellis M. Zacharias, who has a lifetime reputation for being right, declared: "Our germ weapons are already superior to our atomic weapons."

So the question of the H-bomb needs delineation. Its advocates claim we can build it; that it will be so destructive that only six Russian targets can justify it; that somehow we can also build a superbomber large enough and



One slow-acting, water-borne toxin could kill every inhabitant of a city before detection

R



Germ weapons could be used that spare human and animal life and destroy only crops

R



fast enough to deliver the bomb to the six targets; and the people, in the dark as to the choices, demand that the bomb and its carriers be built.

But suppose we already have adequate means to reduce those six targets? Means which are cheaper, more certain, more easily delivered, and, withal, preferable for the specific task? Remember Hiroshima? One crude A-bomb killed or debilitated 125,000 people at Hiroshima.

Suppose that, along with the A-bomb, we had also dropped anthrax spores, and then, in the confusion, we had, 1, poisoned the water supply, 2, destroyed the rice crop, 3, infected the surviving animals with rinderpest, and 4, started an epidemic of both bubonic and pneumonic plagues. All this we were able to do at Hiroshima with a minimum of effort. If we are prepared to do worse for the six Russian targets, are we justified in struggling always for a bigger bomb and a bigger bomber?

The problem is the same as that concerning superwarships. It's theoretically possible to build warships a mile long, and such ships might be of some use, but they couldn't justify themselves. Perhaps a few battleship minds are now present in our atomic councils; perhaps even in the Air Force.

The men who believe that germ warfare is indicated for the future begin their thinking in this manner:

What's the true nature of the Russo-American conflict? It's a conflict between two nations each of which desires to reduce the power of the other but neither of which wishes to destroy the indus-

trial plant of the other. Both Russia and America learned during the second world war that there is no profit in conquering rubble. The Russian desires are to isolate America, then to debilitate America, to multiply our economic problems, to drive us bankrupt, to reduce our will to resist, then to swallow us as a snake swallows a paralyzed bird.

No sane Russian strategist *wants* to atomize Pittsburgh. If all his other efforts to cripple America fail, he may, at last, try to do it, but only as a final resort. The Russian desire is to acquire Pittsburgh. And similarly with our own strategists. Our desire is for a prosperous, highly industrialized, but peaceful Russia. Our prosperity depends upon a developing world. Even if we must fight Russia we'd rather accomplish her defeat with weapons which would leave most of her industrial plant intact. If we atomize Moscow we only increase the burden of some future Point 4 or Marshall Plan.

Once this concept of the Russo-American conflict is understood, then the potentialities of germ warfare become apparent. Consider the recent outbreak of hoof-and-mouth disease in Mexico.

The animals on which men feed are threatened constantly by two great plagues: hoof-and-mouth disease and rinderpest. During the second world war, on Grosse Isle in the St. Lawrence River, we

Bubonic plague is a piker compared to some of the souped-up diseases we are ready to uncork

R



"O" virus could wipe out one third of our meat and dairy supplies within a year's time

R



conducted vast experiments in how to spread and control these diseases. North America was free of them. Then, suddenly, in 1946 an epidemic of hoof-and-mouth disease broke out in Mexico. No one knows how or why the epidemic began. There is a theory that it may have been brought in by some Brazilian bulls; there also is the widespread conviction that it was the work of saboteurs.

Note the cost to America. To protect our own animal industry we, of course, have had to move into Mexico and fight the disease. For three years we maintained an army of 1,180 people in Mexico; we bought, killed and buried 523,000 Mexican cattle and 471,000 hogs, sheep and goats. We conducted an inoculation program covering 205,000 square miles; and each animal we tried to save had to be inoculated several times.

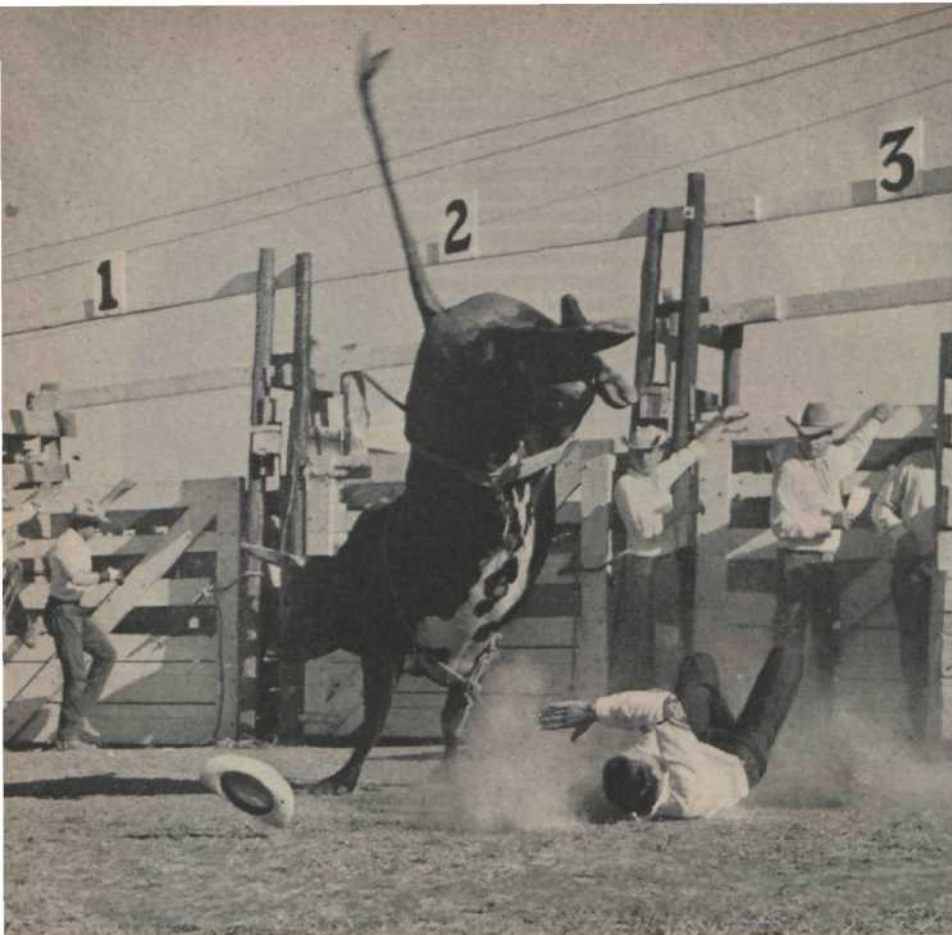
Prior to the outbreak we imported approximately 500,000 Mexican cattle a year; this was important

to Mexico's economy; so when the outbreak forced us to cut off these imports, we continued to buy the cattle and can them. We have succeeded in giving away a little of this canned beef to England and Germany, but we now have on hand some 800,000 canned Mexican cattle and we can't give them away.

Our fight against the epidemic has been somewhat successful, but it keeps breaking out anew and no one can predict when or whether the disease will be eradicated. The inoculations will not protect animals from "massive exposure." Recently, near Mexico City, the deadly "O" virus was discovered for the first time on the North American continent.

The disease is easy to spread—you can carry it on your shoe sole. If it should reach Texas, Department of Agriculture experts believe the cost might run to \$1,000,000,000 in direct loss, deflated land values, and dislocations. If it were simultaneously introduced into all our cattle states—a simple process—we could lose a third of our meat and dairy supplies in one year. It is the most contagious infection known to science.

In addition to these animal scourges, both we
(Continued on page 76)



PHOTOS BY SWOPES STUDIO

Business takes a holiday when Burwell stages its rodeo



MOST people think of the cow country in terms of cowboys, but a Nation's Business writer found a new picture. Cattle men now are a serious lot with an eye cocked on the future

BURWELL, a village of 1,400 at the southern edge of the sand hills country in central Nebraska, boasts a hotel of 40 modern rooms and seven baths. During the second week in August each year, when the town stages its famed rodeo, business booms and genial George Saunders, the portly and balding proprietor has his hands full catering to his guests and would-be guests. The same is true in October when cattle buyers from the corn states come to attend the big two-day stocker and feeder sale at the local livestock auction barn. The

50 other weeks of the year, Saunders leads a less hectic life and occasionally finds time for a game of gin rummy with a rancher or townsman who has an hour or two to kill.

One day such a game was interrupted when Saunders' opponent, an overall clad man in his 50's, a day's growth of beard on his bronzed and wrinkled face, his boots spattered with mud, was called to the telephone. After a short but heated conversation he returned to pick up his hand, muttering imprecations against brok-

\$1 Steaks Worry Ranchers

By NORMAN KUHNE

ers generally and his own in particular. Saunders, with the solicitude for his neighbors' affairs that is characteristic of small-town innkeepers, asked after his troubles.

"I sold short on 100,000 bushels of oats," came the reply, "the price goes up a penny and already that broker is screaming for more margin."

Significantly the gin game proceeded without further discussion of grain futures trading. Folks in the Nebraska range country, a vast and sparsely settled region of rolling grasslands that stretches north and west of Burwell, regard the kind of affluence implied in 100,000 bushel transactions as commonplace, far more likely to show up in overalls than in business suits.

Burwell, which is typical of a score of sand hills cow towns, shares in the prosperity that the ranchers of its environs have been enjoying since about 1939 when the defense boom began to swell the pay envelopes of industrial workers and steak began to replace fatback on dinner tables. And townspeople and stockmen alike take their present state of well-being as a matter of course. The satisfaction with things as they are is saved from smugness by a vague uneasiness that rides the range-



The livestock auction barn is the hub of business activity in every cow town

land, more of a doubt than a fear about the health of the present livestock boom.

Many ranchers share the view of Guy Smith, a man who punched his way from a Wyoming cowboy's job to ownership of an 18,000 acre spread along the Loup River in Blaine County, that the industry would be better off if the price of livestock stabilized at a somewhat lower level.

Smith, a lean and muscular man in his 50's, was working his calves (a term that includes any or all of the operations of branding, castrating, dehorning and vaccinating) the day I talked to him. He leaned on the corral fence, tilted a tan felt hat back from a weather-beaten face, took the makings from the pocket of his blue work shirt and built himself a cigarette before he began to speak.

"A stockman has got to think about the long pull—plan ahead just like the manufacturer. Corn you plant in the spring and harvest in the fall—but it takes years to build up a cattle herd. You've got to cull out your poor cows and your weak bulls and replace them with better critters. That takes time. It's almost impossible to make plans for years in a market that's high today and may come down tomorrow," he said.

According to Smith, ranch folk

are selfish in about the same proportion as other humans. They wouldn't object to \$30 cattle as a permanent institution, were such possible. But as realists they see little possibility of stability at that level and would settle for a steady \$25 in preference to a \$35 that might dwindle to \$10 a year later.

Although Smith sees a lower and more stable price as essential to maximum production and operating efficiency, others come to the same conclusion via a different route. One such man is Clarence Price, a rancher with a spread north of Burwell, who runs a herd of Black Angus, a breed which is giving the Hereford more and more competition.

Price, short, stocky, with the tanned face that is the rancher's trade-mark, was spreading manure to halt wind erosion on one of his pastures when I called.

"I like money as well as the next man," Price began, "but I don't think this high price of meat is good for the rancher or for the country."

Elaborating on that thesis Price said he thought the high price of meat was responsible for "discontent among workers" which led to demands for higher wages and in turn to higher prices on the things that the ranchers have to buy.

According to Price, millions of

persons included meat as a regular part of their diet for the first time during the defense and the war booms. The addition of those new customers put the livestock industry on a sounder footing and Price for one would like to see them continue the meat-eating habit, rather than go back to lower-cost foods.

Opinions like these indicate that the present-day rancher is in business to stay—that his eye is on more than today's quick killing, understandably so considering the size of his investment, the nature of his operations, and the experience background that has produced this state of mind.

When the tempo of westward migration increased after the panic of 1873, the demand was for farm lands, and homesteaders pushed into the light sand region of northwest Nebraska only after the fertile plains of the east and south had been claimed. They settled in the valley meadows, avoiding the dune-like rises where only scattered tufts of buffalo grass grew. Plowed for the first time, the virgin prairie yielded good crops for a few years.

Then as wind eroded the top soil, as wet springs delayed plantings and hot summers parched them, yields dwindled to nothing. Dry farming was tried for a time and

(Continued on page 72)

A Little Piece of Business

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

IT WAS the fifth and last day; the last chance for a deer. No one had mentioned that fact but the import of it was tense in the hot, smoke-filled lodge. Will Higgins, the guide, came out the door carrying a bucket and his worry with him. He stood for a moment with the bucket hanging and sized up the morning. It was a crisp November dawn in Washington County, Me., with the frost white on the drifted leaves of the clearing and on the black roof of the lodge. The frost was going to melt off in 30 minutes and leave nice quiet walking.

The first shot of the morning came faint and harmless sounding from the place where he wanted it to come from—The Ridge. It was followed by another and then a quick group as somebody emptied an automatic—pow-pow-powpow-pow. Indian thinking said that meant a missed deer: *one shot, one deer; two shots, maybe; three shots, no deer.* Will Higgins was no Indian but he could see that deer running as clearly as if it was crossing the clearing. It was running the only way it could run, downwind, away from the driving guns atop The Ridge, right to where he was going to put his people.

It was a plumb perfect setup. A party of five boys from Ross School could get out there with their daddies' guns and get two deer, maybe three, before noon.

But he didn't have a party of five 12 year old boys. He had—oh Lordy—his gawmin', staggerin',

creakin', new-leather-and-pants, rifle-rattlin' business men—from Dee-troit. The champion was that fat boss guy, "J.C." Now if that one wasn't the hawkin'est, frog-coughin', askmatic man on a deer stand he had ever been around. J.C. they called him because he was the pres-i-dent. The rest were Smith, Cooper, Skelton, Jones, because they were only vice pres-i-dents and managers.

How did a man like that get to be pres-i-dent? Now a boss man in a loggin' crew or a road gang was out front because he was the best man. But this fella—. He was boss because he had the money. Because he was in charge of the money. Of Will Higgins' money, too. Five men, five days, \$5 a man a day; that makes \$125 plus the grub bill, say \$25 more.

"And five deer," J.C. had said. "It's my party and I want results."

"No sir," Will Higgins had said. "That I can't guarantee. I'll put you where they are. You get your own results, the way I guide, leastways."

He slammed the bucket rim hard on the charred stump in the middle of the trash pile emptying it of its egg shells and leftover pancakes and chop bones and coffee grounds. He was talking to J.C. now, saying what he'd say if he had the courage to say it. "Five deer! Listen, you big gaw-w-wmin' greenhorn, maybe ten deer have heard you coughin'. You're the coughin'est critter I ever heard."

"No deer is comin' within two mile of a stand where you are. You

cough all day. Maybe you smoke too many of those Perfecto cee-gars. Maybe you got askma. But whatever you got, you got it. A man's got to wait for a deer, still and quiet. Just stand still and be quiet. I been puttin' you on deer. And now comes this plumb perfect day. It's a cruel, wasteful sin. If I did what a man should. If I did right. If I was an independent man."

He stopped muttering to himself and turned back the path. How was a man with a wife and three kids going to be an independent man? Even on as beautiful a deer huntin' day as this one? Buildin' the lodge and quitting a steady mill job looked more and more like no good trade. Nursin' greenhorns who couldn't do nawthin'. It made a man sick.

His party was coming out. He could tell by J.C.'s coughing behind the lilac bush. A lung full of fresh air and still listen to that fat



critter strangle. He put the bucket where it could lean toward the sun and dry and passed them going in for his rifle and jacket. They were all dressed ready to go.

Inside the camp he kicked the draft on the stove closed and made a quick look around to see if all the cigar butts were in the tomato tin ash trays and not charring a chair arm or the floor. He came out crowding into his patched red mackinaw jacket. J.C. was coughing again, or maybe it was yet. When he coughed his big, sandy face fired up bright red and his eyes ran water. He gestured with his hand, indicating that he wanted to say something.

"Our lucky day," he said.

"What are we waiting for, hey J.C.?" Cooper, the vice president said.

"Open the bolts of those guns," Will Higgins said, "and let them stay open. We'll just be walking for ten minutes."

Will Higgins strode off leading. Our lucky day, eh? One more whoop from that critter, one more whoop. There was only the sound of boots on the leaves noisier than they should be because they were new boots and their very newness seemed to find twigs to snap. Once Cooper stubbed his toe on a loose end of dead branch and plunged into the man ahead. That kind of noise, Higgins thought, didn't matter. All a man had to do to stop that was stop walking and stand still. It was just that J.C. The whooping cough came again. Will Higgins turned. He could see the peak of the lodge roof and the chimney. The five men stood waiting as he came back to join them.

"Mister," he said to J.C., "I've got to ask you to stay home this mornin'. Right yonder is the camp

and you get over there and stay while the rest of us finish up this hunt. We can't do nawthin', you coughin' all the time. Maybe it ain't your fault, but it's just as bad as if it was."

There was no sound as five faces stared at Will Higgins. They were completely silent for the first time in days.

"Go on," he said. "I mean it. This ain't no American business. This ain't like your business office with everybody sayin' 'yes' to you. I got to see somebody kill a deer today. Never mind the money. I'll plumb forfeit. You can turn me in at Fish and Game at Augusty if you want to. Not fulfillin' contract. That don't matter. All I know is nobody's goin' to do nawthin' with you in the woods."

"Now listen here—" The pro-

"Mister," Will Higgins said to J. C., "I've got to ask you to stay home this mornin'. Right yonder is the camp"



testing voices clamored all at once. "Shut up!" Will Higgins said. "This ain't no business office. You don't have to 'yes' this man this mornin'. This is a deer huntin' mornin'. I'm takin' you huntin'. And you," he moved a step closer to J.C., "get goin'."

The fat man swallowed and the swallow seemed to convulse his throat. Whooping desperately, he gestured, waving them into the woods.

Then turning, he plunged away back toward the lodge with its thin wisp of smoke from the chimney.

"Come on, now," Will Higgins said.

"Good Lord," — it was Skelton, the one with a Springfield .30-06 sporter that looked as if it had been used. "Good Lord," he said, "nobody ever talks like that to J.C."

"He wants us to go on," Cooper said. "Think somebody should go back and stay with him?"

"He don't need anybody to help him coughin'," Will Higgins said. "Nobody's goin' back. We're goin' to hunt only till noon. Then we'll quit for good. Come on."

He got everybody on stand. Skelton, because his rifle looked as if somebody had hunted with it once, was on the sure-fire crossing by Minktrap Brook and Smith and Cooper a quarter mile apart by the big beeches. He came on with Jones down to the far end. Finally, he had everybody straight on how the deer were coming, how everybody was to keep standing with the wind blowing on their faces and not start moving about and get turned around. He'd warned them not to shoot until they saw a whole deer because that way they wouldn't be so likely to shoot at a man, and if they did shoot at a deer, to wait until he got to them and not go off trying to trail even if they knew the deer was spouting blood—Moses Christmas, the things you had to think of nursing business men from Dee-troit—it was only then that he leaned up against a tree and let himself think.

He didn't feel bad. Only sad when he thought of Amy and havin' to show up this evening without any money. But he couldn't help it. There was something about the day. The hell he'd been through since Monday and

the way he felt gettin' no deer. Playin' along just to get paid was something that had to stop. He'd stopped it cruel but this was a deer killin' morn.

As if to prove it, Jones' rifle, down where he had stood him by a big pine, let go with one echoing crack and then another. Damned if there wasn't a big doe. The little guy had hit her. Down she went. But, whoa now, she was getting up. She was coming off his way. He stepped out from his tree and



He gave the cigars and his money a quick glance

found her neck well down near the shoulder and took his lead and led her for two jumps, his rifle following her rise and fall waiting for the little feller to shoot again and when he didn't, he squeezed off a good one. She went nose down then and skidded into the leaves with her legs aspraddle. Then she was still in the windrow of red and yellow leaves.

Jones, his red hat flying as a low branch raked him across the face, was in sight now, running for her like a good one, his knife in his hand. God knew where his rifle was. Somewhere back in the leaves.

"You don't need to stab her,"

Will Higgins said. "She's plumb dead. You killed her."

"I did?" the little man said. "I did?"

"I just stopped her quick. You made a nice shot. She'd have run some more but she was your baby all the way."

There were two shots, faint but unmistakable.

"That's that .30-06," Will Higgins said, "down the other end."

"You're not going to leave me?" Jones said.

"You stay here till I come back. Don't forget your rifle back there. What's his name down there? Skelton!"

Crouching a bit, loping in a long woodsman's lope with rifle swinging, he hurried down the line and sent the middle pair back to Jones. Then he found Skelton. He was sitting on a log alongside a dead buck, smoking a cigarette. It was a good buck and Skelton had hit him twice in the shoulder.

"You were right about the morning," Skelton said. "Poor old J.C."

"I couldn't waste it," Will Higgins said. "That coughin' would have spoiled it. I had to spoil his party for him. This will probably make it plumb complete."

They made the lodge at noon, dragging the two deer. J.C. came to the door and stared at them. He looked like a hurt, frustrated small boy. He had his spectacles and a piece of paper in his hand. He went in and closed the door. Skelton followed him and came out in a moment.

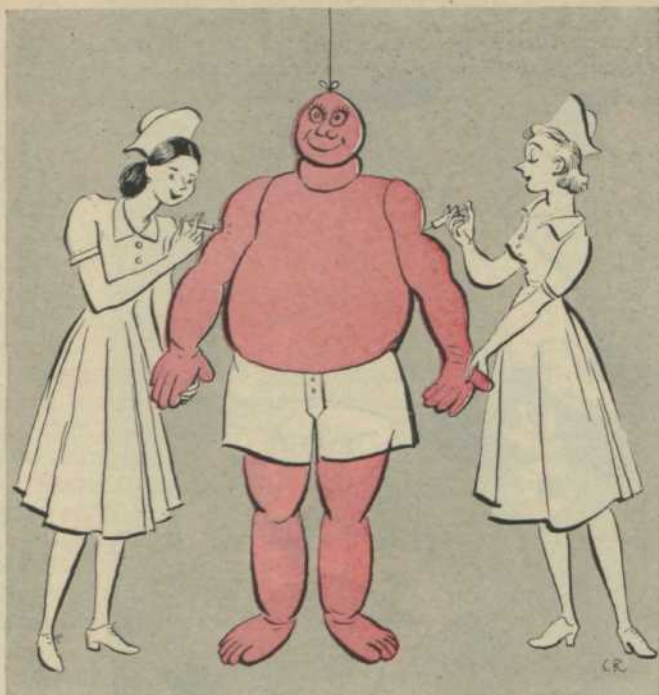
"J.C. wants to leave as soon as possible and try to make Albany tonight," he said. "Show us how to lash the deer on the car, Higgins, please."

"Now," Skelton said when the deer were mounted on the black fenders, "J.C. wants us all inside. You, too, Higgins."

They filed inside and Will Higgins, sure that he was to bear the brunt of whatever was coming, walked up front where J.C. was sitting and stood waiting. The big man grinned up at him and patted his throat as if explaining he was through using it. Skelton took the paper the big man held out.

"This is J.C. talking," he said and read: "First off, I want to set Will Higgins straight on a little piece of business. 'This,' Will Higgins said,

(Continued on page 67)



A boon to patients is a dummy on which nurses can practice giving hypos

lathered into a frenzy of activity. Since war's end they've spent an estimated \$75,000,000 expanding plants, launched an estimated \$10,000,000 series of sales promotion and advertising drives. And pushed sales so energetically that this year they expect to sell some \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 of foam products.

As hush-hush about their know-how as a housewife about her angel food cake—foam's tricky manufacturing process is similar—they've also gone to cloak-and-dagger lengths to keep production secrets. One firm paid \$25,000 to let its vice president walk through a rival's plant—and he wasn't even allowed to stop. Many have "raided" key men from other's laboratories and offices. All, eyeing a potential 52,000,000 new customers in the next two years, have fought to develop new uses.

Result: While a year ago 75 to 80 per cent of all foam went into transportation seating, in 1950 an even greater percentage went into things affecting your house, factory, and person. Foam also is providing new ways to build roads and concrete, helping prevent sports and car injuries—and proving that the man who offers you an extra measure of comfort can always build a profitable business. A St. Louis man typified the reaction I found everywhere:

"Unlike other big postwar promotion products, in foam almost anybody with an idea plus the skill to make and merchandise it, finds the field wide open. With a \$10,000 added machinery investment, I've been producing foam toys with a silk screen process. They're soft. You can clean them. They can't break. And they have that angel-caress feel that makes people drool—and buy. My 14 months net—\$35,000, after taxes."

What's happened to just one foam item, pillows, illustrates the trend. Prewar, if you suffered from hay fever, asthma or allergy you may have paid a medical house anywhere from \$15 up for a foam pillow. It was a carriage-trade item—and Jap seizure of the Far Eastern fields supplying natural rubber halted wartime development. It wasn't

until postwar latex began reflowing that manufacturers became aware that this strange material combining comfort and durability, had infinite possibilities.

A. L. Freedlander, pioneer rubber scientist and president of Dayton Rubber, was among the first to get excited. Some of his officers, unconvinced, protested: "Most people buy pillows only when they marry and use them a lifetime. Mothers pass pillow feathers to daughters. It can't become much of a business." Freedlander countered with research. His laboratories found how to mold a smooth pillow. They added color for eye appeal, then photographed a girl heading for dreamland on a sample and persuaded doctors and pediatricians to give their added blessings.

A year ago, Rike's in Dayton put the first of these pillows on sale, priced at \$8.95. A single ad sold 159 the first day; 77 of the second shipment in two hours. Six reorders and 800 pillows later, buyers were still demanding more.

Dunlop and International Latex admit similar results and chorus: "We haven't seen such a boom in pillows since the days of bundling."

Volume-wise, foam's growth in furniture has been even more spectacular. A year ago at Chicago's Furniture Mart I counted only 28 makers showing foam upholstered lines. This year I saw 98—a 350 per cent increase. Designers like T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings told me: "Foam is the twentieth century's first real contribution to comfort." And the big makers—those turning out hundreds, not just 25 copies per model of chairs and suites—explained: "We'd use even more foam if we could get it."

For proof, one maker pulled out a Sunday New



Ball players who crash into the far wall at Ebbets Field no longer face disaster

York Times: "Look at these ads. Seven stores—each with foam promotions in one issue. That means one thing—mass production and competition have cut prices and foam is selling. Moreover, makers are advertising their foam on everything."

"In many cases," a chain store official explained, "television interested customers in foam. People needed an extra occasional seat and bought a hassock. Foam proved a natural cushioner—and once customers got to showing it off in the living room, it wasn't too hard to up-trade into big-ticket items." Sears, Roebuck offered a foamed rocking chair with cotton tapestry covering for \$49.95; Montgomery Ward another at \$44—and both found them hotcake sellers. At the other extreme, price-wise, two Chicago inventors worked up a \$200 foam covered "Rever-Sit posture chair." You kneel in the concave bottom portion, resting abdomen and chest against the wavy curves of the chair's middle! Bored, you can flip it over to more or less conventional usage. Or, says the catalog, "even employ it as a free—very free—form table."

A year ago, Goodyear listed 50 active furniture building customers. Today it has close to 500. Reports Hewitt-Robins, another rubber firm: "The furniture and seating industry—movies, churches, stadiums and even circus hardboards—will take 75 to 100 per cent more of our production this year than in '49. And that's triple '48."

"Furniture demand for our product," says Firestone, "is growing steadily." And other firms predict even greater usage now that du Pont has perfected a series of odorants, enabling synthetic rubber to be made into foam without smell—something hitherto impossible. If practical, this will not only boost foam output but make it likely that competition may cut natural raw latex prices.

The spurt of foam mattress business further dramatizes how lack of monopoly and volume output have cut prices. Foam mattresses were never a big prewar seller. Then postwar competition got going. Goodyear, for instance, teamed up with Englander, a leading conventional bedding maker, and brought out a \$59.75 number. Since May, 1948, U. S. Rubber shaved as much as \$35 from its mattresses—Hewitt in the same period trimmed prices 40 to 50 per cent.

Firestone, while not in the retail field, has perfected an improved mattress construction embodying "proportionate body support for correct sleeping posture."

Like most foam producers, it sells slab and molded foam to secondary manufacturers. Many of the 50 mattress firms who buy from Firestone have, under the press of competition, added other features while cutting prices.

Meanwhile, the Natural Rubber Bureau, representing the Malayan, Ceylonese and French Indo-China producers, offers to provide any business man with data and information on foam and its possible relation to his business.

Along the line of new businesses based on foam, a new independent outfit, Foam and Fabric Warehouses, Inc., also has set up a 20 outlet national distribution chain. Here you can buy enough foam to

upholster a living room chair for \$3.25 to \$7, depending on size and thickness desired. U.S. Rubber got an idea how sizable this kind of thing might become when employees started taking home scrap pieces to line a play pen or cover a dining room chair. "If it's *that* good," they reasoned, "why not sell sheets." Response was immediate and surprising.

Customers who bought such pieces frequently launched themselves into business. One who slipped a slab under her knees as a weeding and seeding gardener's pad started several makers producing a general household item, now selling everywhere. Another tried foam under her bra shoulder straps, leading Mills Manufacturing of New York to intro-



Adam E. Labser has patented a device designed to "cuddle him in foam" in case he's ever in a collision

duce a ready-made "Shoulderize" and another maker to adopt the idea into ski-boot strap pads. A third thought up a new belting—cotton webbing backed with horizontal rows of foam to keep your shirt tail down. Now it's on the market.

Variations? There's a foam mitt into which you stick your hand, allowing it to form fingers, protecting nails and allowing free movement while doing factory work or washing dishes. A long-handled bathtub cleaner, foam on the business end to save usual awkward bending. A car washer, water hose hooked into a foam piece. And a foam surfaced with terry cloth if you like a good scrub. Not to mention foam brushes that pick up lint and restore nap on suede, foam bases for pressing machines, eliminating broken buttons and zippers.

(Continued on page 64)



HAMILTON WRIGHT

The Job That Nobody Loves

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

AMERICANS are vaguely and uneasily aware that it takes the sweat, and sometimes the blood, of about 500,000 men to supply the coal we need. We have found the miners' labor tactics irritating — and sometimes almost treasonable — yet none of us begrudges them one penny of their pay. Of all our great industries, none is more shrouded in popular misconceptions than is coal mining. For instance:

1. Coal digging is back-breaking labor. It is not. In fact, most of it is done sitting down.

2. Coal digging is dangerous. It is neither as dangerous as John L. Lewis claims nor as safe as the operators insist. Somewhere in the middle is the truth: a hazardous industry where the incidence of

MECHANIZATION has made working in the mines easier and safer. Yet no man digs coal because he wants to

injury rises and falls in exact ratio to the observance of rules and regulations by operator and miner alike. Mining never will be as safe as bookkeeping, but it will be a lot safer the day the unions and some operators cease their tacit mutual flouting of safety laws and agreements in the interest of jobs for union men and profits for operators.

3. Coal miners are well paid.

They're not. What with strikes and shut-downs, a \$3,000 a year miner is a rarity even in good times.

4. Coal miners are unimaginative, dirty clods. Actually, on the average, coal miners are intelligent men who fight as savagely for bathhouses as they do for

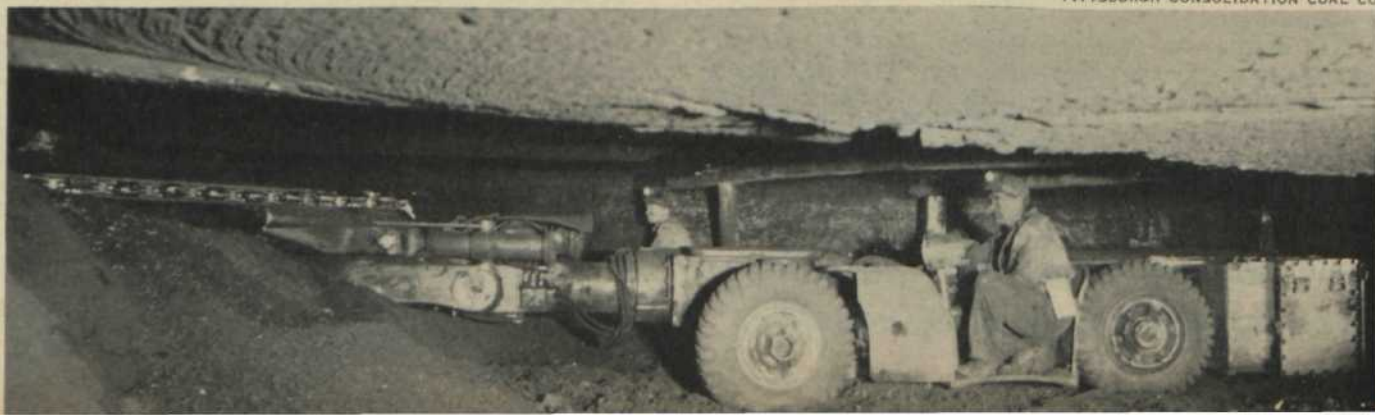
pay raises.

Those are the major misconceptions. There are many minor ones, of course. But there is one popular theory held by outsiders which rates 100 per cent agreement among the men who dig coal. That theory is that, by and large, coal mining is a lousy job.

No man digs coal because he wants to. He digs it because he cannot make a comparable living

Cutting machine operators are the aristocrats of the mines

PITTSBURGH CONSOLIDATION COAL CO.





LOOKING FOR A BUILDING LOCATION?

The present trend toward decentralization has resulted in many enterprises seeking new sites for manufacturing, processing, distributing, warehousing or other purposes.

Union Pacific offers its services in providing essential and comprehensive information regarding properties available in eleven western states.

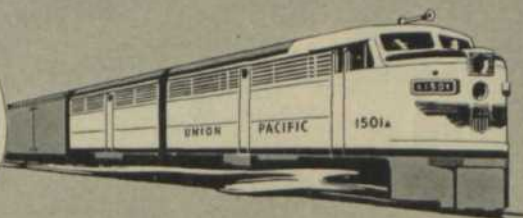


Our Industrial Development Department has assembled maps . . . photos . . . facts and figures on raw materials, utilities, taxes, transportation, native labor . . . and other pertinent data covering scores of available properties in the "Union Pacific West."

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at anything else. Given a new trade or just a train ticket, the young miner would leave. Half of the 140,000 miners who joined the armed services during World War II refused to re-enter the mines.

Many young men raised in coal towns come of age determined to avoid the pits; most, however, are resigned to going down sometime. A strapping young bellhop talked to me about it when I asked him, "When are you going into the mines?"

"Not for a couple of years yet."

"Never, if you can help it," I prodded.

"Oh, no," he answered. "That's where the good jobs are. In the mines. My father is a miner. My brothers are, too. I'll go down when my time comes. About when I get married, I guess."

Life's little jokes sometimes are pretty macabre. The men who dig in the mines are aware of the hazards but not particularly frightened.

Every woman in a coal town is terrified of the mines. Yet love has put more men in the mines than all of the portal-to-portal, double time, pension funds and other concessions captured by John L. Lewis.

There are some men digging coal today who made the break and got to that never-never land where money can be made above the ground. I asked a couple of men why they had come back to the mines.

One said, "I worked in a steel mill. Good pay. But brother, that's work! I just got tired of standing

in my own sweat. Digging coal stinks but it's cool and the work ain't too hard."

Another had returned from Detroit. "I was going daffy doing the same silly thing eight hours a day. Nuts to that."

But most of those who had come back did it simply because life is nicer when you make \$16.20 a day instead of \$16.20 a week. Mothers, fathers, brothers and sweethearts brought back a lot more. But many have gone and never returned.

Peak employment in the hard and soft coal industry came in 1923 when 887,000 men were employed. Today about 550,000 men dig roughly the same amount and could dig more if there were a market for it. Mechanization of the mines has brought about the reduction in manpower. About 90 per cent of all coal mines today are as mechanized as the operator's cash and credit permit. The installation of machinery is expensive but essential if coal is to compete with the cheap sources of energy now available to homes and factories.

The full utilization of mechanical devices in mines requires alert, well coordinated young men. These same young men never would go into the mines were it not for mechanization because they just will not do the muscle-ripping work their fathers did.

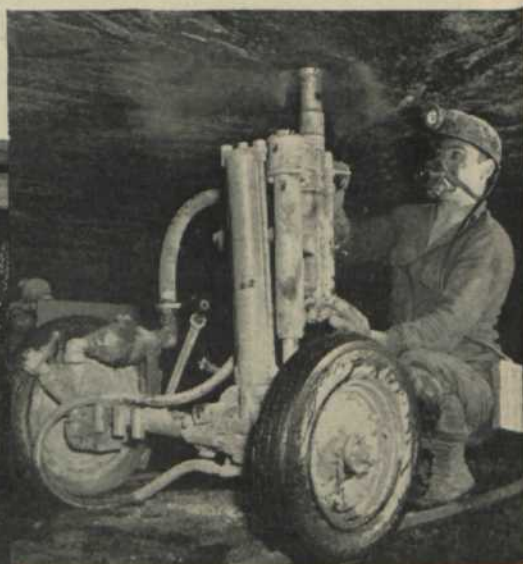
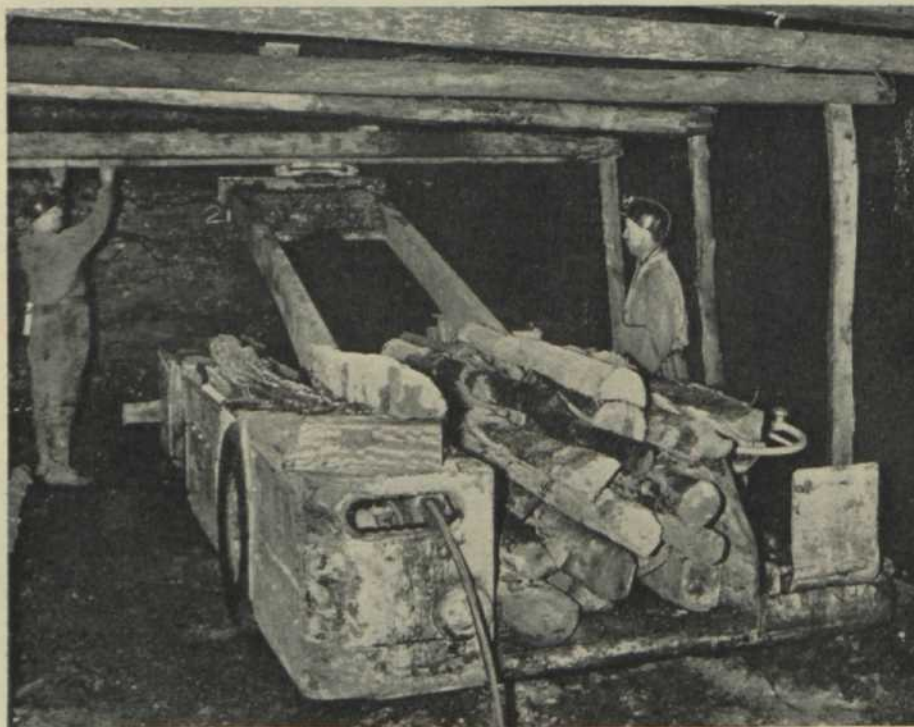
The Consolidation Coal Company mines about six per cent of the nation's soft coal but it is the largest outfit in the industry. It digs about 26,000,000

tons annually in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Maryland and Kentucky. According to union men, Consolidation is more devoted to mechanization than any company in the land. Mechanization in the coal business is a slowly developing process of 40 years.

George Higinbotham, vice president of the West Virginia affiliate of Consolidation, took me to see mechanization in action. Higinbotham's father was a mine superintendent for Consolidation and before the young Higinbotham slunk behind a desk he had dug his share of coal in the mines.

When Higinbotham's father went into the mines 60 years ago, black powder was replacing lime to "shoot down" coal. Contrary to another popular American misconception, nobody digs coal commercially with a pick and they haven't for 100 years. The solid masses of coal were weakened by picks and then "shot down."

During the days of "lime shooting" the miner spent most of his ten hours picking away at the bottom of the seam until he had worked out an oblong hole the width of the seam, six inches high and three to four feet into the solid coal. He then drilled three or four holes, packed them with lime and water, sealed them and went home. During the night the lime and water mixed, expanded and cracked the coal loose from the



The boss timberman and his crew don't dig coal

A timbering machine props eight feet in five minutes

How to get top production

MILITARY AND OR CIVILIAN

under Controlled Inventories

Two "scarce-material" problems already face most manufacturers:

- 1 On military orders — exact needs for parts and materials must be projected on the basis of actual production schedules, and separately recorded.
- 2 On civilian orders — use of scarce materials may be curtailed, allocations made to most needed lines, inventories kept within "controlled" limits.

Controlling Inventories Is Our Business

During World War II, Remington Rand was the leading supplier of Inventory Control Systems to American business. Then, as today, we were the only supplier able to analyze your needs on a completely impartial basis—then supply the *right* solution based on manual or machine systems, or a judicious *combination* of both.

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Free — Information On How To Handle "Controlled Inventories"

The Systems and Methods Research Department of Remington Rand studies government directives from the standpoint of how industry can comply with all requirements with maximum efficiency. Summaries of their recommendations are then rushed to Remington Rand offices throughout the country. As a qualified executive, you can get the same data by checking with your local Remington Rand office. Or write to us at Room 1709, 315 Fourth Ave., New York 10 — on your business letterhead please! No charge, of course.

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Dual Method. Remington Rand Punched-Card Machines and Kardex Visible. Machines produce inventory data at incredible speed. Kardex translates data into convenient chart form for effective administrative control.

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Machine Method. When volume paperwork is your problem, Remington Rand Punched-Card Machines process thousands of cards per hour, automatically produce summaries and breakdowns days or weeks faster than might otherwise be possible.

Remington Rand

seam. The next morning the miner found his coal piled up ready for removal from the mines by mule-drawn wagons.

Black powder was a better blasting agent than lime and considerably more dangerous. In 1905 dynamite, effective and murderous, came into use in mines. Today the U. S. Bureau of Mines rigidly controls the blasting agents. Agents acceptable are called "permissibles."

The possibility of an explosive weakening the roof and causing a cave-in is present but remote. The real danger is that explosives may ignite the gases and blow the mine to bits.

Therefore "permissibles" produce no flame and are made from either ammonia, carbon dioxide, or compressed air. They work on the same principle as "lime shots" but with much greater force and consistency. Sometimes a miner working with lime would come to work to discover that the coal had resisted the expansion

357 men were killed in 1907. The Monongah now is thoroughly modernized and can be described as one of the best run in the Fairmont, W. Va., field. But it is neither the best in the field or even the best in the Consolidation group.

I went to main section, east, one of the three active sections in the mine. A section consists of nine working faces, each 15 feet wide and separated by pillars of solid coal. Each pillar is roughly 25 feet wide and 25 to 80 feet long. Corridors between the pillars are essential to ventilation which is provided by huge pumps. The pillars hold up the "top" and are removed only when a company has worked to its property line and starts "retreating." It shoots down the pillars as it retreats and lets the top collapse. It will be five years before Consolidation starts retreating in No. 63 and they have been digging there since the start of the century.

The nine working entries are called headings and there is simul-

product (coal) and a mobile assembly line. But there are no bolt tighteners. The men have responsibility.

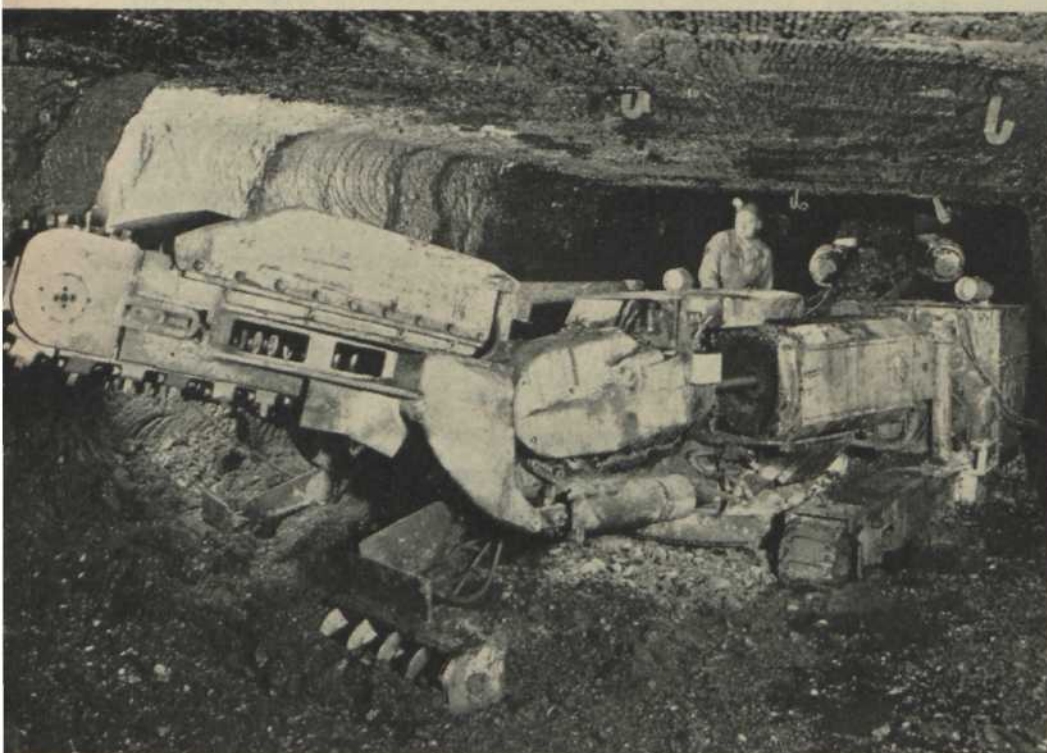
The heading of our choice recently had been cleared of shot-down coal and cleaned up so the first operation starts when a timbering machine, weighing five tons, looms out of the darkness with a crew of three sitting atop it. They wear the traditional head lamps but do not need them because this \$16,000 monster is equipped with floodlights. A 15 foot crossbar is set on an hydraulic jack and raised tight against the roof. A buzz saw pops out of the machine and slices two posts to whatever length is required. They are hammered into place under the crossbar. This operation is repeated every four feet unless the "top" is dangerous and then the supports are set closer together.

It takes less than five minutes to prop eight feet of roof. In the old days miners did their own propping. They were paid for the coal they dug; not for the props they set, so this basic safety device frequently was ignored and the results were disastrous. The boss timberman gets \$14.75 a day and his two helpers get \$14.46 each. They dig no coal.

The lumbering timbering machine rumbles backward and out to the next heading. It is followed by an even bigger monster, the cutting machine, which weighs 15 tons, is worth \$25,000 and carries a crew of two men. The cutters are the aristocrats of the mines and draw \$17.18 each. The machine literally slices two slashes each eight and a half feet into the solid seam of coal. Both slashes are six inches wide and are made in the form of an off-center T. The top of the T is cut at the top of the seam and the base runs from the floor to the roof. Now the monster machine backs out and slides between pillars to the next heading. The handling of these machines in such low, narrow areas is breathtaking.

Now a driller (\$15.97) and a shooter (\$15.97) enter the heading. They drill three holes into the coal which has just been cut and pack the holes with permissible explosive charges weighing a pound and a half each. They check to see that no one is within 100 feet of the line of fire and then the entire section echoes to their sing-song yell, "Fiah . . . Fiah in the hoe . . . ell" and three successive blasts are set off. The entire section vibrates

(Continued on page 68)



It takes a crew of two to operate this monster loading machine which can gobble up coal at the rate of five tons per minute

during the night and remained as he had left it.

Higinbotham took me four miles underground to the "face" (working area) of Consolidation's Monongah Mine, known on the company books as No. 63. It is an ancient mine, and among other things the locale of the greatest mining disaster in America when

taneous activity of varying degrees in each of the nine headings as crews of 15 men go about their highly paid and highly skilled jobs. We will stay in one heading and watch mechanized mining in action. You quickly recognize that modern mining is nothing more than a reversed assembly line operation with a stationary end

SCIENCE- WORKING FOR YOU-

PRESENTS

Unicel

*The first really new
Freight Car in 52 years*

There's a radically new and different
freight car ready for the busy American rails today.
And here it is . . . *UNICEL*—better than any
freight car shippers have ever known!

Stronger, lighter, safer *UNICEL* is engineered to solve
today's freight problems *today!* Bigger, better,
faster *UNICEL* gets there first with more goods!

This is what the railroads have been waiting for . . .
this is what America's stepped-up economy demands!

UNICEL does double duty . . . changes from box to refrigerator
car quickly and economically . . . just by adding its newer,
better, mechanical refrigerating unit and its unique
"Cold-Wall" construction. Either way, your freight
gets complete protection—plenty of cold
in warm weather, plenty of warmth in cold!

Yet, most amazing of all, *UNICEL* costs less
to build and maintain!

No wonder Pressed Steel Car Company is proud. First with
the all steel hopper car! First with the all steel box
car! And now, first with *UNICEL*—bigger and better than all!

UNICEL is the product of the combination of three factors:
the modern industrial science of cellular laminates,
railroading "know-how", and fresh,
new freight car engineering.



Pressed Steel Car Company Inc.

Unicel

Laminated Structures Division
Chicago, Illinois

Write us on your business letterhead
for complete details about *UNICEL*.



Merchandiser of Men

By EDITH M. STERN

WHAT happens when a top executive loses his job? Here's the man who gets him a new one

SUPPOSE YOU had a \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year job, and lost it. Or suppose you were earning \$40,000 a year and thought you should be doing better. How would you go about looking for another position?

Not, obviously, by answering "Help Wanted" ads nor by listing yourself under "Situations Wanted." Even using your contacts would have its difficulties. Although on the one hand you'd have to let it be known you were available, on the other you couldn't afford to have it be broadcast that you were thinking of making a change, or needed work.

The usual employment agency, even if it went through the motions of "putting your name on file," would be as unlikely to get a request for someone of your caliber

as for a French-speaking Sioux Indian. But to mild-mannered, astute Walter Lowen, head of the Walter A. Lowen Placement Agency, finding the right five or six figure spot for the right five or six figure man is all in the day's work.

There was, for instance, the \$45,000 vice president in charge of sales who, under doctor's orders, was compelled to take a six months' rest. During it, his firm underwent a change in management and, when he was ready to go back in, he was out. From his Florida hotel he long-distanced Walter Lowen, and a week later had a choice of two jobs at his figure.

Ask Lowen how he does it, and he explains: "I'm a merchandiser.

The man on the way up shouldn't change jobs, says Walter Lowen

Advertising moves customers toward merchandise, but merchandising moves merchandise toward customers. My merchandise is high-quality men, and it's my job to make them sought after. When Bergdorf-Goodman has a rare sable coat, it isn't just put in stock; a selected list of customers who might be interested is called."

Using the sable coat technique, Lowen made known to the directors of a large corporation with its presidency vacant that an executive vice president, who had been earning \$125,000 elsewhere, was open to offers. The parties liked one another immediately, and after several weeks' negotiations the man went to work at \$150,000.

Lowen's influence among the higher echelons of business is no magical product of "pull" or "luck," but the direct result of building up a reputation for integrity. He dates his letters "Our thirtieth year, 1950."

Born in St. Joseph, Mo., at the turn of the century, he received his
(Continued on page 58)

Wonder what they're doing
down there ?



DOWN IN THE MANHOLE, this Bell telephone splicer is connecting together a maze of tiny wires in a new telephone cable.



This cable—like your Bell telephone, the complex devices in your central office and thousands of other kinds of telephone equipment—was made by Western Electric. For 68 years,

it has been our job as part of the Bell System, to make *good* telephone equipment—the kind that makes possible *good service*.

Western Electric is a unit of the Bell System. That's important—because it enables our people to work most closely with Bell Laboratories people who *design* the equipment we make and Bell telephone people who *operate* it. All pulling *together*, we strive to give you the finest telephone service on earth—at the lowest possible cost.

Western Electric



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Burroughs Sensimatic

so revolutionary in principle . . .

so limitless in application . . . it brings the advantages

of modern, mechanized accounting within the

reach of every business, big or small!



*Never such a machine at any price
... and the price is surprisingly low!*

Out of Burroughs' never-ending quest for better tools for business has come the most versatile, the most completely automatic, the most economical accounting machine ever built.

This is the Burroughs Sensimatic—the fulfillment of an idea to which Burroughs engineers, accounting experts and designers devoted years of effort until tests in actual accounting work proved its perfection.

The Sensimatic accounting machine employs an entirely new principle. Its mechanical "brains"—the sense plates that control its operation—endow it with simplicity, compactness, speed, and a flexibility never before approached in a single machine.

Businesses, big and small, have gained unprecedented benefits from the Sensimatic's amazing flexibility. With a single machine, small offices are able to mechanize all their accounting work. Larger offices can eliminate peak loads by instantly switching several Sensimatics to one job. They can make changes in accounting systems without machine replacements.

Business is benefiting, too, from the other advantages inherent in the Sensimatic—ease of operation, ease of servicing, and a price surprisingly low for a machine that does so many things so well.

See the Sensimatic demonstrated at your nearest Burroughs office today, or write—

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY • DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

ic Accounting Machine



Here is the
"mechanical brain"
of the
Sensimatic Machine

This Sensimatic control panel directs the machine through every mathematical function . . . every carriage movement. The panel senses the operation . . . the Sensimatic performs it—automatically!



Finger-tip control
from one job
to another!

Flexibility
unlimited!

Slip one control panel out . . . slip another one in—and the Sensimatic is ready to handle a different set of four accounting jobs. It becomes a machine custom-made for any work at hand—just that simply.

The control panel sets the machine up for four separate accounting jobs. The operator simply turns the knob at the side of the Sensimatic to change from one job to another.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs



early education in that city, then moved to New York where he attended Columbia University's School of Journalism. There he fell in love with a Kansas-born girl who had come east to become a short story writer. With the war imminent, they married.

Both found themselves becoming interested in personnel work. Walter, in his senior year, served on the wartime psychological board, which had headquarters at Carnegie Tech. Mrs. Lowen, to help finance her education, delivered circulating library books to stenographers in office buildings. She talked with the girls and became interested in their problems. She found that much discontent and turnover were the result of the haphazard, thoughtless way in which many employment agencies brought prospects and their jobs together. The Lowens vowed that some day they would start an employment agency that would edu-

cate both employer and employee on what each should and should not expect of the other, and above all, it would make careful, selective placements. Business men whom the youngsters consulted said, "A grand idea," but the dream had to wait for fulfillment when Walter went into the Army during the first world war.

In Greenville, S. C., he had personnel experience serving with the psychological division of the Medical Corps, while his wife worked for a local newspaper. After the war they moved to New York, where they lived for a time on slender and erratic incomes derived from shortlived advertising and newspaper jobs, augmented by freelance writing.

Even the birth of a daughter, however, did not down their dreams of running a better kind of placement service. A small loan in 1920 enabled the "Vocational Bureau" to come into being in a dingy,

cramped office, with Mrs. Lowen the entire staff. In order to pay the rent on their second-rate uptown apartment, the Lowens took in roomers. Most of the first year Walter sat close by the office telephone alone; his wife was out scouting for business.

But soon intelligent attention to employers' requirements began to pay off. One day the owner of a sizable business walked into the office. "I had to take a look at you!" he told Lowen. "I had to see an employment agent who actually knew what I meant when I asked for a refined girl!" Within a few years the bureau had a staff. Also, it adopted its present name.

As time went on, it became increasingly evident that Walter Lowen had a flair for working with high-bracket men and women. He had the breeding and education to meet and talk with them at their own level. He had a knack for spotting what he calls "the seeds of growth in a man"; some of the beginners he placed in the 1920's he is still placing at \$40,000, \$50,000 and \$60,000 today. As his own earnings increased, he developed a growing sense of what salaries really able people could and should be commanding.

Most of all, perhaps, what makes him a natural at vocational guidance of business brass is his warm human sympathy and insight, mainly inborn, but partly thanks to his psychological background. When a top-drawer executive has job worries, he finds a sympathetic listener, a constructive aide. Lowen knows, and feels, that people are people. He realizes that earning upward of \$25,000 a year does not, as many of us tend to think, make a man a kind of god immune from ordinary wage earners' fears.

"Every man out of a job, whatever he has previously earned, is for the time being mentally ill," he says. "That's why some people have called me a 'Job Doctor.' I'll never forget the sinking feeling that hit me in the pit of the stomach when I lost a job—the horrible, hollow feeling that stayed with me till I landed a new one.

"The president of a corporation knows that he is as fireable as the office boy. Everyone in a business is answerable to someone, and if he doesn't show a profit, out he goes. And when a man who has reached the top falls from it, though he does not have to be anxious about where his next meal's coming from, he suffers another kind of terror. Suppose he can't make a comeback!"

Lowen's first five-figure place-

Sentimental Journeys

WHEN YOU see a group of serious, middle-aged men walking through a railroad yard, busily examining engines and cars, don't jump to the conclusion that they are railroad inspectors. They are likely to be members of the National Railway Historical Society on a field trip.

Winter and summer members of NRHS take "rail rambles" on chartered trains to points of railroad interest. The group was organized informally in August, 1935, by a group of rail enthusiasts riding in parlor car No. 100 of the Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis Electric Railway on the farewell trip of that line. The Society, consolidating with two small groups, the Interstate Trolley Club and the Lancaster (Pa.) Railway and Locomotive Historical Society, was incorporated in 1937.

In the past 15 years members have traveled thousands of miles by steam, diesel and electric power. They have covered main lines, short lines, branch lines, interurban and street railways. The war years curtailed activities but membership now includes residents of 34 states, Canada, England,

Germany, Austria, the Netherlands and even New Zealand.

Edward G. Hooper, president, explains that the aim of the society is "to preserve historical information about fast disappearing railroad and trolley lines." Amateur photographers in the group take hundreds of pictures a year on field trips and farewell runs.

In addition to local and regional fan trips, vacations of members always are routed by rail. Statistics on schedules, condition and types of equipment and scenic sights are included in vacation reports, which appear in the NRHS quarterly magazine.

Conventions, held annually since 1946 over Labor Day week ends, are highlighted by trolley trips, inspection of railroad yards and rolling stock.

Though Hooper is a Baltimore and Ohio Railroad official, less than two per cent of the members are railroaders. Membership is open to persons more than 16, but only a few are less than 35. Eight members are women. Most members are middle-aged and professional men, armchair people to whom railroading is a hobby.

—GRAY JOHNSON POOLE



You'll
**INCREASE STORE
 TRAFFIC—
 and PROFITS**

**WITH A KAWNEER
 STORE FRONT**

RETAIL SELLING BEGINS

ON THE SIDEWALK... Shoppers feel that a store front's appearance reflects the quality of merchandise and the atmosphere inside.

If a store front is up-to-date and attractive, they naturally expect that a visit inside will be pleasant and worthwhile. Of course, if the front is drab and out-of-date, they'd prefer to shop elsewhere.

Merchants who recognize this important fact modernize their store fronts for one reason—because it's a sound investment—in increased store traffic—in new business—in greater sales.

For fifty years The Kawneer Company has helped build outstanding store fronts, so write today for information on modernization. The Kawneer Company, Dept. NB-53, 1105 N. Front St., Niles, Michigan; or Dept. NB-53, 930 Dwight Way, Berkeley, California.



it attracts shoppers—

it shows them merchandise

and it pulls them inside
 to BUY!

**THE
 Kawneer
 COMPANY**

Store Front Metals • Aluminum Roll-Type Awnings
 Modern Entrances • Aluminum Facing Materials • Flush Doors

ment—which just hit the line at \$10,000—was made in 1927.

A few years later, the Walter A. Lowen Placement Agency, like everything else, was hit by the depression. Files of applicants' cards bulged; files of cards on openings rattled. The Lowens and their daughter made a game of seeing how well the three of them could dine in restaurants for \$1. "But I don't consider those lost years," Lowen reminisces. "During the depression I built up invaluable good will." Typical was the gratitude of an ousted \$30,000 a year vice president of a large food company for whom Lowen found another position at \$5,000. It was just enough to enable him to hold onto his home.

In good times or bad, there's nothing mysterious about Lowen's knowledge of top positions waiting to be filled; constant vigilance is what keeps him on the inside track.

He reads business magazines and newspaper business columns. He notes the display ads which occasionally offer important executive positions. He watches real estate news and advertising to learn who is expanding, and where.

Tips that come via personal contacts, too, are of strategic importance. Lowen is a member of such clubs as the Advertising, and Sales Executives', and over the lunch table often hears of just the right spot for one of his clients. Some of the best tips come from applicants who run across jobs fine for someone else if not for themselves. One man, listed with the agency, ultimately landed a job by himself—Lowen always urges his clients not to depend entirely on him, but to make every possible effort on their own—but was so grateful for the help and time he had been given that he disclosed five excellent openings, two of which Lowen immediately filled.

Last, but not least, since over the years Lowen has won employers' confidence by sending them square pegs for square holes, job offerers as well as job seekers make a practice of listing themselves with him. Not only are such opportunities as presidencies and vice presidencies of corporations in his files, but also detailed requests, such as for an executive with a thorough knowledge of cutlery, domestic and imported, and someone who "combines trade association executive experience with ability to appear before the Supreme Court"—salary offered, \$48,000.

In maintaining his two-way contacts with business tycoons, Lowen

does not go in for the kind of pent-house partying and night-clubbing that movies depict as the life of the successful in New York. He and Mrs. Lowen live quietly in a conservatively furnished five-room Park Avenue apartment within walking distance of the office. Such occasional business entertaining as they do takes the form of small informal dinner parties followed by the theater, of which Lowen is a passionate fan. "He never saw a bad play," Mrs. Lowen says fondly.

Usually the dinners are held in restaurants, but occasionally at home, for, since Mrs. Lowen no longer works at the office, she does her own cooking. The guests may order any drinks they like, but the Lowens take nothing stronger than tomato juice. Summer week ends and vacations are likewise unspectacularly spent. The Lowens stay at their farm in Connecticut.

An elaborate filing system and much work underlie the success of

Every generation comes equally, by laws of the Creator of the world, to the free possession of the earth which He made for their subsistence, unencumbered by their predecessors who, like them, were but tenants for life.

—Thomas Jefferson

Lowen's agency. One set of cards is alphabetic, another arranged according to job classifications. Every six months the files are fine-combed and matched together so that nothing is inactive. Night after night, Lowen studies résumés and thumbs over batches of cards he takes home with him. Sometimes a \$75,000 man he has "pre-sold" lands a job after a half-hour's interview, but sometimes it takes as long as a year before he is properly placed.

The precise amount of remuneration Lowen leaves to the parties concerned. Salaries of tens of thousands are subject to negotiation and he wants to remain free of suspicion that he does any upping for his own benefit. His agent's commission, regulated by law, is a flat five per cent of the total year's salary or income on positions paying \$5,000 or more a year. Sometimes this is earned with relative ease, as when a chance conversation with a chairman of a board on a commuters' train enabled him immediately to place a \$36,000 man whom he had just listed that morning. But sometimes, after

months of hard work, there is no fee at all.

One client twice accepted, and twice backed out of a \$47,000 a year job. Another, after prolonged negotiations, got cold feet when the company about to engage him insisted on a 60 day cancellation clause in the \$25,000 a year contract, and he decided to stay where he was. Tragically, once, a high-salaried, highly specialized department store man, the first applicant in eight months whom Lowen had found to meet exacting specifications, dropped dead on his first day at work.

About 25 per cent of the high-salaried job seekers listed by Lowen are unemployed. There is the \$67,000 a year man who was thrown out when a new regime came in, and with it a change in management. There are the two \$50,000 a year men who were replaced by one \$25,000 man. There is the former top \$25,000 man, in his job for seven years, now imploring, "Please, Walter, get me something at \$18,000—I've even answered a \$12,500 ad!" When a \$45,000 man had been brought in and placed over him, he had indignantly quit and taken another \$25,000 job, which he left after six months to take another. That lasted only a few months, too, and he has been jobless for six months. "He should have stayed where he was, and learned something from the new man," Lowen remarked in his mild way.

A number of men lose jobs because of heavy drinking. Lowen helps them to help themselves to get on the wagon or refers them to where they can be helped. One, replaced at \$25,000, with watching and advice has climbed back to \$45,000. Occasionally wife troubles get a man down. There was, for instance, the vice president and general manager of a large corporation whose wife divorced him and moved to her family's home in the South when he became infatuated with a girl in the office. Upset and remorseful, he became a total loss in business and was fired from his \$35,000 plus stock interest job. Asking Lowen to find him a job in the town where his wife and children were living, he accepted one at \$18,000, remarried his wife a year later, has climbed back to \$25,000 and is still on the way up.

Technically among the unemployed on Lowen's lists, too, are retired millionaires tired of retirement. Some of them want to go back into business. Others would like to be college presidents, or

(Continued on page 89)



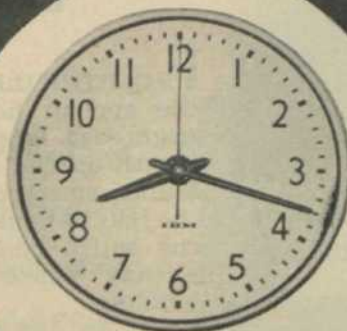
Master Time Control



Job Cost Recorder



Time Stamp



Wall Clock



Attendance Time Recorder



Consecutive Spacing Time Recorder



Signal

No Special Wiring...

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Since the turn of the century IBM Time Systems have been providing uniform time control in offices, plants, and buildings throughout the country . . . a continuous record of accurate, reliable service.

Today, a new IBM Time System—unique in its employment of electronics—is in wide use. Connected to the regular AC lighting circuit of the building, this time system keeps every clock, time recorder, and signal on uniform time *without special clock or signal wiring*. Installation and maintenance costs are reduced to a minimum. Any time indicating, recording, or signaling unit can be re-located easily and inexpensively.

Like all IBM products, the new Electronic Time System is the result of extensive research and engineering development. The use of hundreds of thousands of IBM time units attests to their accurate, trouble-free performance, their complete dependability.

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Please send me information
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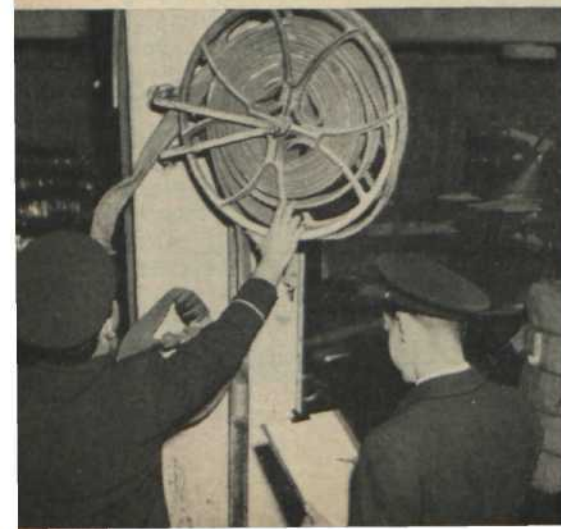


ACME PHOTOS
Seattle keeps down its fire loss through constant study of commercial buildings



Inspections cover elevator shafts, exits from structures, condition of equipment

Information gained in the survey will be used to draft new fire-fighting plans



No Time for PINOCHLE

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

FROM THE third-floor window of the ancient hotel, a round and frightened face stared down. Its mouth opened and closed but no sounds emerged to compare with the roar of flames on either side or the sullen splash of fire hoses, already aimed at the burning building.

But in the street, a fireman pointed upward and a battalion chief growled an order. A thousand onlookers drew in their breaths. Gears grinding, a ladder wagon lifted a slender finger toward the window. Before its end had settled on the ledge, a wagonman was running up the rungs through clouds of smoke—but he never got to the top. Two thirds of the way up, he glanced above him—and reversed direction at full speed to keep out of the way of 300 pounds of hotel guest, coming down.

A thousand sighs among the onlookers turned to guffaws, perhaps not kind but understandable. Because the hotel guest, bearded and hairy, was also mother-naked. He was so glad to see that ladder, he never thought about his clothes.

This fire occurred on Seattle's Skid Road (and let's not argue, because it's been a road, not a row, in Seattle ever since oxen used to skid logs down it to Elliott Bay). But the important fact was not that the guest was naked—rather that the battalion chief did not need to hesitate in deciding how to rescue this frightened fat man. He *knew* a ladder was needed, because he knew every inch of that hotel.

The battalion chief also knew the inside of every other building in the district, where the fire plugs were, what elevator shafts were ready-made fire flues, how to get to the roof, where to place trucks, how to get people out. So did every other fireman and officer assigned to the blaze.

The fact is, no Seattle fireman ever fights a blaze in a strange building. For them, no blundering down halls for exits, no frantic

search for the master electrical switches, no smoky hunts for fire doors or ventilating ducts. They have been to this building—any building in their areas—before and know all about it.

The reason is what the department calls a "pre-fire" inspection system designed not so much to prevent fires, but to aid firemen in fighting them when and if they break out. Under it, each fireman sooner or later makes a dummy run to every building. Regular equipment is used and details are worked out as they would be if the building were in flames. The company then spends weeks in skull practice on the basis of long reports made on the scene—until the greenest rookie can find hydrants, exits and emergency water systems with his eyes shut. During such dummy runs, two-way radio keeps the equipment ready to speed to a real fire faster than it could from the firehouse.

The pre-fire system has kept 813 men in the department behind in their pinochle playing for four years. Instances in which it has avoided waste effort or errors are already counted in hundreds—an example was a creosote company fire on the waterfront. Normally, an expensive pumper would have been stationed at a certain spot to draw water from the bay. But the company had just inspected the property and did not put the pumper in the logical spot—which was a good thing, because the roadway there was built on hidden piles, which collapsed at the height of the blaze. The pre-fire system, oddly enough not used generally before Seattle adopted it, has been copied by Berkeley, Calif., and studied by dozens of other cities, including Cleveland, Rochester and Baltimore.

Pre-fire inspection is coupled in Seattle with a fire-prevention inspection system in which district firemen, not special inspectors, do most of the checking about

whether fire regulations are being fulfilled in buildings. (The man who may have to fight a blaze there never gets bored by the routine of learning whether a sprinkler system actually sprinkles or fire doors are where they should be.) In addition, a publicity program hammers constantly at the city, warning householders in the fall to check chimneys, check stores, burn rubbish after holidays.

The result is impressive: Nationally, 48 per cent of all fires are in buildings; but in Seattle, only 18 per cent. Per capita, Seattle's fire losses are only 38 per cent of national averages. The city has 500,000 people, bad street and hill situations, far too much "ordinary masonry" construction and faces always the additional hazard of wind which whipped one fire through most of the downtown area in 1889 and threatens to do so again every time a fire breaks out. But annual fire losses have been below \$650,000 for the last several years.

No one has estimated accurately what savings might be accomplished by national adoption of a similar system, but Seattle's rates on buildings consistently have resisted the recent upward trend of insurance coverage. While insurance companies were tightening up their fire policies all over the country as a result of fire losses, they apparently were impressed by the Seattle record. Of the national fire loss of \$715,000,000 in 1948, Seattle's actual share was only \$406,007. Pro-rated from the national figure, a \$2,313,250 loss could have been expected.

All of which may serve, about the time this article appears, to calm some elderly and well heeled gentlemen who are in for a shock. These gentlemen are members of the city's richest and most exclusive club and normally are protected from outside disturbances. But they will be disturbed when a whole battalion of fire equipment pulls up to the doors and firemen stomp in. The firemen will note doors which fail to close properly, sprinklers that fail to work, and even emergency doors which may not be quite big enough to handle potential traffic.

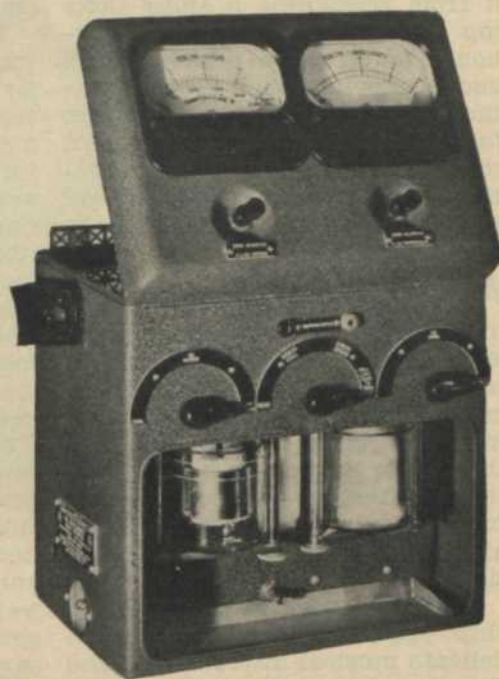
This will be a pre-fire inspection, to show firemen what floors may be expected to collapse, where hoses can be played on furniture, how the roof is likely to cave in.

You see, the capitalists don't know yet that they are relaxing daily in one of the most extreme fire hazards in town.

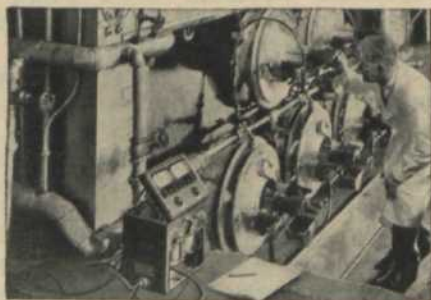
But the fire department does.

This Miraculous Instrument Tells All!

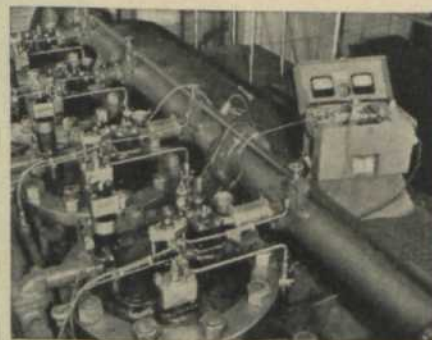
Yes, the Cities Service Heat Prover tells all you want to know about the combustion efficiency of gas and Diesel engines . . . and industrial furnaces of all types.



1. Hundreds of Industrial Firms—including leading steel, locomotive, truck, automobile, aircraft, tool, instrument manufacturers and others, are profiting from this unique service. Above shows use on Open Hearth Steel furnace.



2. Immediate Production Increases—are realized by fast control of furnace atmospheres. The Heat Prover quickly and accurately registers both excess oxygen and unburned fuel being wasted on this industrial boiler.



3. Gas and Diesel Exhaust Analysis—here being made on a large 4-cycle Diesel. This remarkable instrument gives a continuous record of what percentage of the fuel entering the combustion chamber is converted into productive energy.

FREE this helpful new booklet



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Sixty Wall Tower, Room 735
New York 5, New York

Please send me without obligation your new booklet entitled "Combustion Control for Industry."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Behind the Foamy Froth

(Continued from page 47)

One Philadelphian glued a foam strip under a pottery vase to keep it from scratching a shiny table top. Another man-around-the-house found foam under his ice bucket provided such good insulation he persuaded a maker to foam-line a hammered aluminum container. As an insulating material—which also absorbs sound and vibration—foam's just beginning to catch on.

A CALIFORNIA fruit packer who lined a shipping box of fancy pears with foam "seconds" learned it protected them so well he tried it on chutes and slides for fruit sorting—and gave Hewitt an idea that's now employing large quantities. Firestone sells considerable foam to growers for drying fruit after washing and waxing operations.

Poultry houses are using it to ship eggs, Wurlitzer to protect delicate musical instruments. The Cleveland Museum even foam-crated touring art masterpieces from the German museums.

Makers who've molded foam into built-in shoe cushioning, especially in casual and sports models, and cut it into a nonskid carpet underpadding, have been unable to keep up with the demand. "It gives a richer, softer feel underfoot," many users told me. "And it makes shoes and rugs last longer."

One of competition's greatest surprise usages of foam is as a

safety device, first in sports and now increasingly in everyday activities. Nobody knows who started it.

The University of Southern California's Department of Medical Aviation sold many football coaches on using foam-lined helmets to reduce chances of head injuries which Prof. Floyd E. Eastwood of the American Football Coaches Association found responsible for 69 per cent of 486 gridiron fatalities over the past 17 years. Some teams learned foam-lined grid pants cut body bruises and foam-ribbed, cellulose acetate eye masks shielded cheeks and forehead.

Many are following safety pacesetter Paul F. Neverman, executive secretary of Wisconsin's Interscholastic Athletic Association, by foam padding goal posts and concrete arena and stadium walls. Brooklyn's Ebbets Field has covered its far wall with foam to save Dodgers and visitors who can't take time to look where they're running for a fast one.

Both Hollywood and the Air Force have given foam their own switch. When Yvonne de Carlo complained her *derriere* was telling the effects of two Westerns in a row, the prop department—already using foam "rocks" to save its leading men—stitched a hidden foam lining inside her riding britches. Director Mark Wood encountered the same problem with a pair of starlets scripted to ride a springless, wooden-seated buck-

board in "Roughshod." He personally sewed foam into their voluminous petticoats, explaining: "I gave them invisible comfort—yet they remained in character."

Although racing drivers long realized a foam-covered dashboard decreased injuries, only this year did Kaiser introduce it as standard equipment on all 1951 models. Similar safety-cushion instrument panels also are standard in 1950 Chryslers. R. E. Ward Products, New York, has produced an inexpensive variation attached to the dashboard by two strong suction cups. Adam E. Labser of Hamden, N. Y., has patented a foam item which Fred Othman, newspaper columnist, says almost turns an auto crash into a pleasure. Mounted on tracks over Labser's sedan doors, is a foam mattress. Behind it, wired to the front bumper, a small charge of dynamite.

You hit something. Bang! Mattress shoots forward in front of the windshield—and instead of death or injury, presto, you're "cuddled in foam!"

Foam cushioning for car seats is becoming common, but—

"We've only started," the foam makers add. "If we can sell foam for seat backs, sales could double." Millions of comfort-seeking old car owners are also good prospects. Goodyear and U. S. Rubber make pads which you slide under your own slip covers. Dayton not only plans to enter this field, but is getting into the race to sell smaller, specially made foam seats for trucks and tractors.

THESE may not, as the salesmen insist, make every ride a pleasure. Still, as one farmer put it, they "certainly keep you from those blistering, frying pan saddles, and help you over a rocky field." Practically all Greyhound buses are now foam equipped; Chicago Motor Coach and other local lines have installed foam seating, and Budd and General Motors streamlined trains are using it exclusively.

Developing transportation use another way, the liquid latex from which foam is made is going into the actual building of both concrete and asphalt roads. The Michelin people in France, aware that concrete with more cement is stronger, realized that in practice more water than compatible with optimum resistance had to be added so you could spread the mix. So they devised a new process, utilizing a vacuum to suction off excess water before hardening. To provide the essential tight seal,



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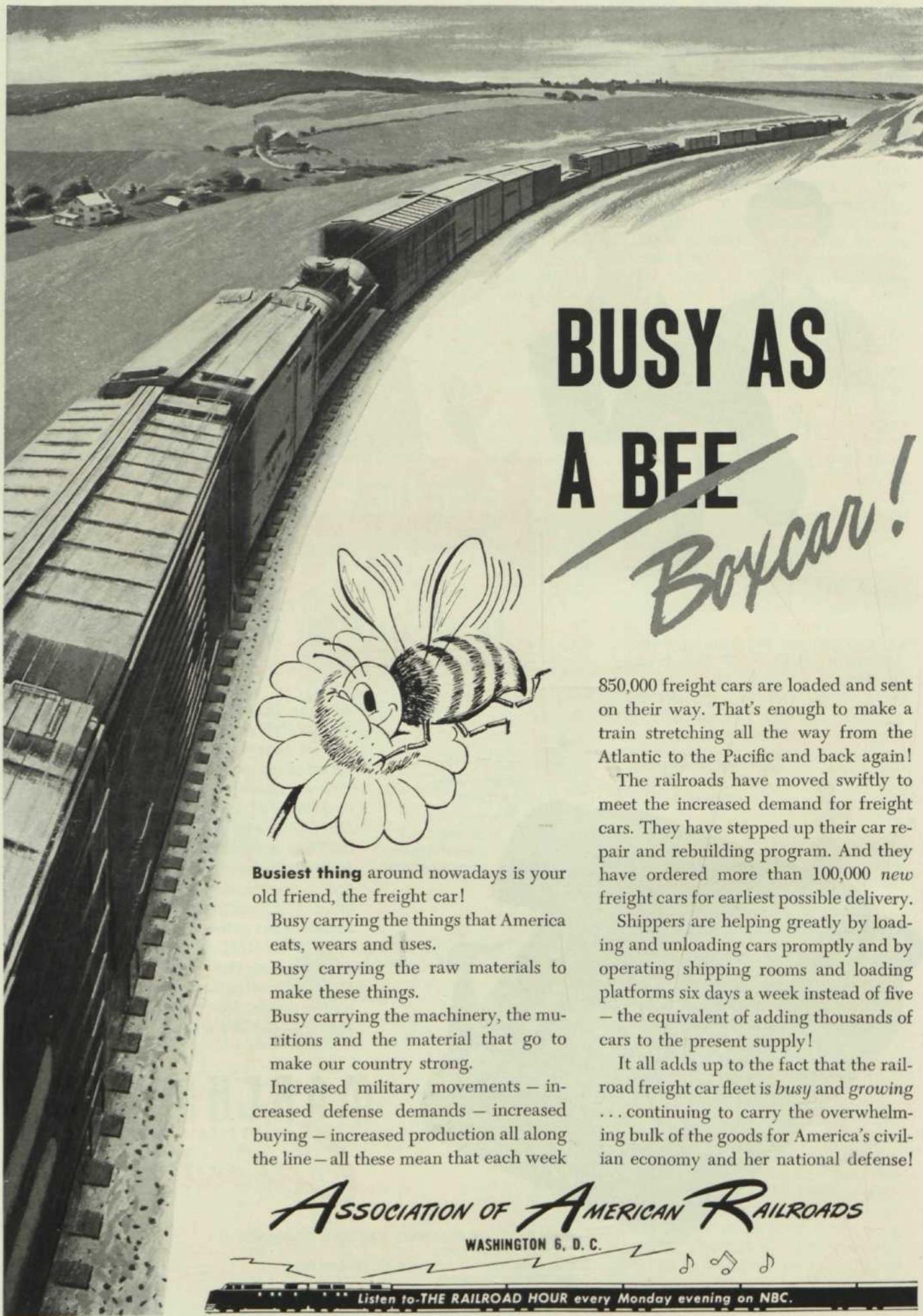
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It all adds up to the fact that the railroad freight car fleet is *busy* and *growing* ... continuing to carry the overwhelming bulk of the goods for America's civilian economy and her national defense!

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caissons faced with latex were pressed over the filled form, water sucked up—and the finished road made far more durable. Many engineers are convinced the method eventually will become standard practice.

The system of adding latex particles to asphalt also was developed in Europe. The Virginia State Highway Department, just completing a one-year test of the first U. S. experimental natural rubber road on Route 250, west of Richmond, believes such roads tend to reduce skidding in all weathers. The Natural Rubber Bureau thinks they'll also resist formation of ice and reduce road-building costs and tie-ups.

"If this can save even a per cent or two from our annual \$1,600,000,000 federal, state and local highway bill," one expert said, "it will be well worth while. And the method looks good for city sidewalks, industrial flooring, playgrounds and tennis courts."

EVEN if foam doesn't manage to keep you out of the hospital in the future, it may do you some good once you get there. For institutions like New York's Bellevue and more than 500 others are not only introducing foam pillows for cleanliness (so are Sing Sing and many other jails, if that's any consolation) but employing foam in the seats, backs and cot mattresses of

the ambulance that brings you in, and on examining X-ray and treatment tables inside. A widely known surgeon explained:

"By giving you the means to prevent cramping by constantly adjusting body position, foam pads have eliminated many of the patient's uncomfortable after-effects of operations."

If you get a fracture, henceforth, it's likely there'll be foam padding under the cast or splint, foam in the massage equipment or on the wheel chair seat, back and arm rests—for a score of makers are already competing in this field. Nurse will probably be able to jab your hypodermic far less painfully than before because she's practiced on a human-sized figure, made with porous, flesh-like foam sections by the M. J. Chase Company of Pawtucket, R. I., just for that purpose.

Finally, if all this softened civilization becomes too much, you'll find foam makers' competition to be first will even ease your finish. For at Cleveland's State Hospital the Industrial Products Company has come up with a "seclusion room." Walls, floors, sills, built-in beds; all are cushioned with a special type of Firestone foamed latex. Practically impervious to damage and staining, you just can't knock yourself out in it. For even the old padded cell is foam lined now.

A Little Piece of Business

(Continued from page 44)

referring to this morning's hunting, 'is no American business.' Maybe it is the oldest of all American businesses. Maybe the colony at Jamestown failed because it did not know Will Higgins' business well enough. Plymouth got the Indians to help until it could learn Will Higgins' business and keep itself from starving. If Daniel Boone and Davey Crockett were alive and living in Michigan, or if Will Higgins lived there, I would be proud of the honor of putting their names in for my Detroit chapter of Kiwanis before Bill Skelton beat me to it and got them signed up in Rotary. And so, as one American business man to another, I want to tell Will Higgins I admire him as a man who knows his business. We haven't been an easy assignment this week.

"Will has done the best he could with us; greenhorns of the deepest dye. I hereby ask him to re-

serve these same five days in next November for my same party. Next year I will go in training even if that means cutting out cigars or food or drink. Higgins has made me want to kill my deer—his way."

Will Higgins felt something tapping his hand. It was J.C. holding out a cigar box. It was a full box of those big Perfectos, full save for the middle cigar. In its place was a tight rope of bills with a \$50 showing on the top one. He gave the cigars and his money a quick glance. He reached for the note that Skelton had placed on the table and rubbed his finger across J.C.'s bold stub-pen writing. It was dry. For all J.C. knew when he had written it, they still had killed nothing. He looked down at the grinning face and grinned back.

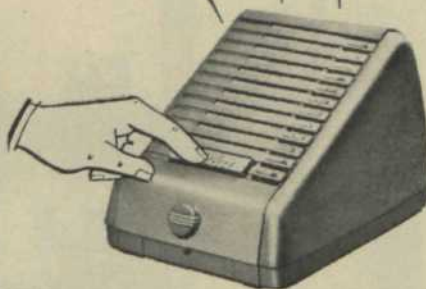
"Sure," he said, "you come on next season. We'll do a piece of business."

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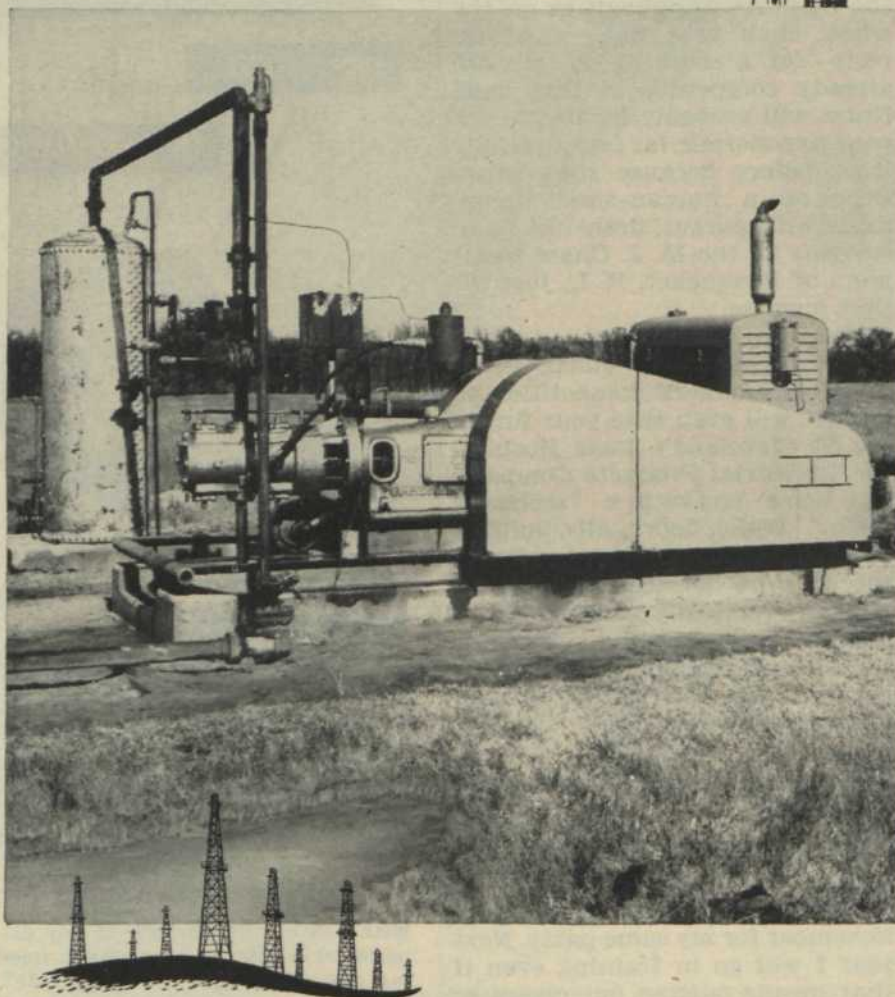
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The Job That Nobody Loves

(Continued from page 52)

and the newcomer to a mine (me) gets slightly ill. This is called "shooting down the coal" and when it is done 30 tons of coal lie in a pile on the mine floor.

Now a loading machine, also weighing 15 tons and worth \$20,000, wheels around a corner and into position in front of the coal just shot down. The loading machine operator (\$17.18) and his helper (\$16.84) dig the tongue of their machine into the coal, set two metal arms to flailing and gobble up the coal at the rate of five tons per minute.

This coal is fed into a rubber-tired shuttle truck which weighs six tons and costs \$15,000. Two or three men operate the shuttle car (\$14.75 each). The shuttle carries the coal back to the terminal of the narrow-gauge railway and unloads the fuel into cars which will take it four miles to the surface at a speed which can be as high as 30 miles an hour.

A scraper (\$14.46) tidies up the headings after the loading in preparation for the return of the timbermen and the repetition of the entire process.

There are five distinct operations going on simultaneously in nine headings. When things are right, the loading machine is a minor bottleneck having shot-down coal available in two or three headings. With 15 men working in each of three sections, plus supervisory help, No. 63 disgorges about 500 tons per shift. The record is 2,064 tons made in May, 1949, by a shift working in Consolidation's Williams Mine. Forty-five men working in an English mine, among the most primitive in the world, would produce about 50 tons. The English have stoutly resisted mechanization on the ground that it was a destroyer of employment. As a result, tons of American lend-lease mining equipment are rusting in England today, or being offered for sale by English companies to Americans.

Even if the fierce fight for economic survival did not drive the owners and unioners together in the matter of mechanization, the omnipresent specter of sudden death would. Mechanization makes coal mining safer.

Higinbotham says, "We get in there and blast the coal down

quickly. We get it out and keep driving into the seam. We don't blast and dig and rumble around in the same area for days. But for minutes. We buttress our tops strongly and then get to hell away from there before we can shake 'em loose." The union nods agreement and statistics bear him out.

Consolidation of West Virginia had two fatalities in 1949 and dug 4,651,000 tons of coal per fatality. Twenty-five years ago a life was lost for every 305,359 tons dug by West Virginia Consolidation and one for every 187,524 tons that were mined in West Virginia. In that period the basic pay scale has risen from \$4.60 to \$14.05 per day.

The team banging the multi-ton steel machines through the narrow mine corridors with such skill is what you would expect—it is young. Not much more than 30 on an average. The average age of the 111 men killed in 1947 in the old-fashioned Centralia Mine was 57 years.

A typical miner would be a convenient man for this story. But there is no such thing as a typical miner any more than a typical saxophone player or a typical business executive. Certain generalities are acceptable, I think. They all seemed to agree that they found digging coal unpleasant. I found none who looked on himself as a quaking slave working in intolerable holes, as they are so often depicted by John L. Lewis.

The miners seem considerably more confident of the honesty of Lewis than they do of the sincerity of Lewis' detractors. They spoke of Lewis with neither awe nor distaste. They referred to him as "Lewis" or "John L." which was amusing after spending a few hours with the officials of UMW District No. 31, all of whom were appointed by Lewis. These officials always referred to their benefactor as "John L. Lewis," uttering the words and syllables with a reverence I am sure not even Lewis feels he deserves.

Coal miners don't seem to talk much "shop," which is probably the best clue as to how they feel about their work. When you stand in the mouth of a mine and watch the black-faced men come out and greet the spick and span men who are going in, you decide that there is no pride of craft connected with mining. They don't talk about coal. Or politics. Just sports.

But when you ride four miles into the ground you realize quickly by their talk and actions that there is some pride of craft at that. The



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oncoming shift wants to know how much coal its predecessor dug. And they whistle appreciatively over a good yield or laugh at a poor one. And while there are no pep talks given, you know that the new shift will do everything it can to dig more coal than any other. This rivalry can be traced only to pride of accomplishment because no reward is expected for good production.

Management does award record-breaking performances, which naturally are rare. These awards run from a bottle of whisky to a trip to the World Series. But generally the only reward is in the satisfaction Shift No. 2 gets out of digging more coal than Shift No. 1 and Shift No. 3.

Perhaps the modern coal miner's deeds below the ground speak more clearly than his words. He has exiled from the mines the stupid and the shiftless. The man who comes to work drunk is dangerous, so he gets no protection from his

fellows. If he is ill he can expect his friends to cover for him, and they will. But the steel bonds that unite miners against operator melt in the heat generated by a careless drunk.

The miners hope that management will recognize a drunk unaided. However, if management doesn't, it will be reminded by a baleful glance or a contemptuous nod in the direction of the offender. Management moves ruthlessly, confident that the union repercussions will be token protests at worst.

Thousands of miners have been sent to their Maker by somebody stealing a smoke.

A man caught smoking in a mine today is fired.

The miners say, "There're enough ways to get killed in a mine without smoking."

And the modern miner doesn't expect to get killed in the mines. Which is a mental luxury his father never enjoyed.

Props Behind the Plane Prop

WITH a hypodermic needle resting on a nearby table, a man with a small mirror attached to his forehead, absorbed grimly in the traditional manner of a doctor, picks up a probing instrument with a finely wrought end. After some intense, delicate movements, the man straightens up somewhat, lays down the instrument and picks up a scalpel.

Is he a doctor removing gallstones? Or performing an intricate operation? No, nothing like that—he's just a technician working on a new airplane propeller.

The probing instruments, mirrors and scalpels are the same kind used by the medical profession, only in this case they are being used to make the delicate connections on the heating system within each propeller blade which prevents icing. The hypodermic needle is used to withdraw air from the rubber-covered butt ends of hollow steel blades. Air pockets would cause corrosion.

Some people seem to think that about all you have to do to make an airplane propeller is to slap a couple of pieces of metal together somewhere near the middle. Actually, it is a complicated business. The Hamilton Standard Propeller Division of United Aircraft Corporation of East Hartford, Conn., one

of the world's largest producers of propellers, not only uses medical-like tools but also such odds and ends as a beauty parlor hair dryer (to dry veneered blades quickly), a cement mixer (to mix a plastic substance used in sculpturing model propellers), a shotgun (to determine the amount of damage of flying rock and gravel the propellers can take) and kitchen scouring powder (to clean the inside of blades).

But, you say, isn't that a lot of bother for something that's as outmoded as propellers anyway, what with this being the age of jet planes? Well, Charles M. Kearnes, Jr., an engineering manager with United Aircraft, is convinced that the propeller, far from being obsolete, has a long life ahead of it. Says he:

"Already we've found that at speeds up to 600 miles an hour, the jet engine with a propeller has just about doubled the efficiency of the jet engine without it. . . . Military-wise, this means less fuel consumption and greater range, both prime combat requisites. With propellers, the jet-engine plane also is able to take off and land on much shorter airstrips, the emergency kind likely to be used under combat conditions."

—JO PATNICK

Superservice Building

WHEN IT COMES to service, Charles Lee Tilden, Jr., of San Francisco is an old hand. He's been selling service since 1932 in a field—office building rentals—where little more than routine cleaning ever is expected by tenants.

Tilden started his service in two adjoining buildings which had been white elephants during the late 1920's. He connected the two structures' floors, and began providing tenants with services nobody on the West Coast even had heard of. By 1939 his buildings were filled with tenants impressed with such things as:

A furnished office for as little as \$25 a month, telephone answering, mail and message service which would follow (and precede) them anywhere they went, and the facilities of a shipping department which would handle all the commodities a tenant could move through an allotted basement stall.

The building has special appeal to salesmen, jobbers, district managers and manufacturers' representatives. Tilden, who was once a manufacturer's representative himself, had this clientele in mind when he started his business.

Until World War II Tilden knew each tenant by name, what lines he handled and the man's territory. During the war temporary accommodations were made for the influx of business men dispossessed of office space elsewhere by the Government.

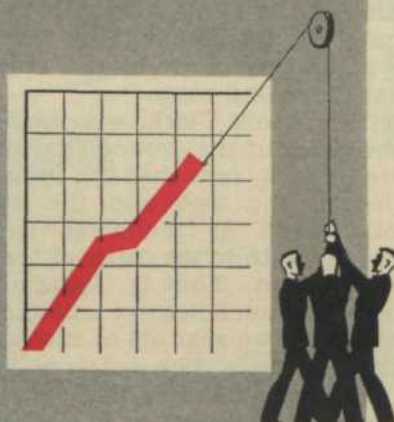
Occupancy today is back to normal—with an active waiting list. Some tenants represent the second generation. At least a dozen of the building's early occupants have retired or died, and their desks and catalogs have been taken over by their sons.

To the average San Franciscan, the Tilden Sales Building is just another medium-sized, renovated office structure fringing "the Slot"; one of hundreds of similar edifices.

But to more than 400 wholesalers and their "territory men" it's either the "home office" or "the district," from which flow over the 11 western states the orders, invoices and bills of lading for probably 2,000 lines of commodities ranging from gas pumps and linoleum to lawn sprinklers and embalming fluid.

—E. L. DAGGETT

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THE success of a partnership or close corporation depends on the harmonious agreement and combined abilities of its owners. The value of their teamwork far exceeds the sum of their individual contributions.



What will happen, then, if one of the group should die? The survivors may be forced to share management with inexperienced heirs or strangers. They may be forced to liquidate or reorganize immediately. When this happens, earnings are often interrupted and effective plans changed.

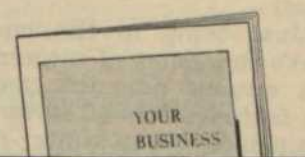


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\$1 Steaks Worry Ranchers

(Continued from page 41)

when this proved no more successful than conventional methods, one homesteader after another packed his belongings and left, selling his land to a neighbor fortunate enough to have credit or letting it go for taxes.

During this period a few cattle had been kept, chiefly for milk and because their dried chips were a source of fuel in a region that lacked wood and coal. The men who had turned cattle loose on the buffalo grass of the hills observed that the grazing improved the pasture, and that the bare spots between the tufts began to fill in with green.

An historian noted this fact and writing in 1906 about Garfield County, of which Burwell is the seat, observed:

"The despised sand hills will yet be the making of the country. Alfalfa grows well in the draws and lowlands. Brome grass and English bluegrass soon will spread their green succulent mantle from hill to hill and make this one of the richest hay-producing belts in the entire country. Such is pretty sure to be the future of Garfield County."

Few prophets have called the turn with greater accuracy and it's now generally agreed that the soil of the sand hills should never have been broken in the first place. Bespeaking the present-day view, Howard Pitzer, who runs a successful spread north and east of Burwell, says:

"There isn't a plow on this place. A man really ought to keep one plow though—in case of fire."

But it wasn't just the change from cropland to grassland that brought the stockman to his present state of well-being, one which permits him, should he so choose, to drive luxury cars, live in a modern home, take a winter and a summer fishing trip, enjoy a debt-free existence and be beholden to no man.

There were other changes, too, before the rancher could say with Pitzer:

"Just being in the business—that's the secret of success."

A notable advance came with the introduction of clover to the hay meadows and winter pastures and better grasses to the hills. Some say these got their first start from seed in the droppings of cattle imported from other sections

and others credit the feeding of imported hay.

Stockmen learned that if they cut their hay earlier in the fall it had more food value and in the '20's cotton seed cake was introduced as a protein supplement to the grass diet for winter feeding. The quality of the herds was built up, too, by the introduction of better bulls and the more careful selection of breeding cows.

Frank Clark, who homesteaded part of the ground that now is his ranch, says that the improvement in the feed and the breed has added as much as two years' growth to the cattle of the Burwell region. That is: today's yearling is a much heavier animal than was the two year old at the turn of the century. The increase has come about by the fact that today's cattle are better fleshed and more solid than their forebears—not that the full-grown animal is appreciably larger in dimension.

A citizen has a complex duty. He ought to learn to express his opinions and to make up his own mind on the principal public issues. He ought never to miss the ballot box. And when he casts his vote for somebody, he should weigh that somebody in the scale of morals—which includes intellectual integrity.

—Herbert Hoover

Although the curve was upward its course was scarcely smooth. There still were droughts like the one in 1934 when ranchers sold off cows for \$20 a head to keep them from starving, blizzards in which hundreds of cattle smothered, breaks in the market which sent cattle as low as \$2 per hundred-weight, debts and high interest rates, and an archaic marketing system.

The storied rancher is an open and ingenuous individual who thinks nothing of buying a herd of cattle, sight unseen, on the word of his neighbor, or selling a herd on the same basis to one of the feeders from Iowa, Illinois or Indiana who take about 65 per cent of the sand hills output. And, according to legend among non-ranch folks, such transactions always turn out to everyone's satisfaction because a stockman's word is his bond.

A reporter seeking ranchers to

fit this picture would be hard put to find them. Instead he'd learn that most present-day cattle deals are on a *caveat emptor* basis, indeed. When a critter is ailing it's standard practice for his owner to hurry him to the nearest auction barn, praying en route that the veterinarian will declare the beast eligible to go through the sales ring and that it will stay alive long enough for the check to clear.

That the rancher is a sharp trader may be explained by the fact that in the last four years, for almost the first time in his life, he's operating in a seller's market. In earlier periods of prosperity the rancher sold chiefly to itinerant cow buyers and speculators, who in turn disposed of the grass-fed cattle to feeders in the corn-producing sections, and collected most of the profit.

In the early '30's, sales barns where cattle are sold at public auction began to be established throughout the area. The growth of the barn at Burwell is typical of the industry. It was established in 1935 by Bernard Wagner, a giant of a man known far and wide as "Tiny," and less than a dozen cattle went through the ring in the first sales of that year. In October, 1949, some 5,900 head were sold in the course of a two-day stocker and feeder sale. Of the 500,000 odd cattle sold in that village in an average year more than 80 per cent move through the Burwell Livestock Market, as the sales barn is titled, and the majority of ranchers agree that competitive bidding gives them closer to true value.

The improvement in marketing practices and the upswing in the market, which began in 1938, was checked by OPA ceilings during the war (although stocker and feeder cattle were not under ceilings, their price was depressed by the lid on finished animals). It rose again when they were lifted, and has given the rancher more than a decade of solid prosperity.

There's a deceptive quality about the rancher's prosperity because much of it is invisible, with no ostentation, no flaunting of wealth. Homes for the most part are modest and far more comfortable inside than their outward appearances would indicate. Here and there you'll find a Cadillac in a shed—but it comes out only for Sunday or vacation driving, a jeep or pick-up serving for day to day operations.

The Rural Electrification Administration has extended power lines in some of the more easily reached and densely populated

sections and by sand hills standards that means a house every couple of miles. Others have 32-volt wind chargers. Bottled gas for cooking and oil heat for fuel are common and indoor plumbing has replaced the Chick Sale.

Some explain the rancher's lack of show is due to modesty or habit. He's the type of individual who'd drive miles to see a prize animal, to witness the demonstration of an improved cattle chute or farm machinery but who wouldn't walk across the street to see the House of Tomorrow. Others point out that first expenditure of nearly every rancher is for the liquidation of debt, second for herd improvement, third for savings and last for comfort.

Part of the explanation may lie in the rancher's fear that visible signs of prosperity will only lead to more troubles with the tax collector, of which he's had plenty already, to hear him tell it. Just the filing of a return and the attendant record keeping he considers an invasion of his privacy. The attitude of some ranchers toward taxes is conditioned by the fact that they entered the paying class for the first time during the war years when rates were high.

The attitude of others, described by their neighbors as men "who don't turn everything in," arises from the fine-tooth investigation internal revenue agents have given them. A few ranchers, with a sense of independence more highly developed than their sense of judgment, have spent small fortunes contesting income tax liens which they wound up paying after having exhausted all appeals.

For the most part the sand hills rancher now is a "cow man," an operator who makes his money from a breeding herd, selling off bull or steer calves or yearlings, selling heifers only when they are in surplus, keeping most of them to replace older or nonproductive cows, which also are sold.

There was a time when the big operators were "steer men," ranchers who bought calves and sold yearlings, making their profit on the gain in weight. They still tell about men who "wouldn't have a cow on the place—too damn much trouble" and who wound up going broke.

Although men like Smith and Price, the men who have traded the convenience of a steer herd for the security of a cow herd, are concerned with economics, others emphasize the fact that the boom has taken something out of ranching

1950

1951

1952

1953

1954

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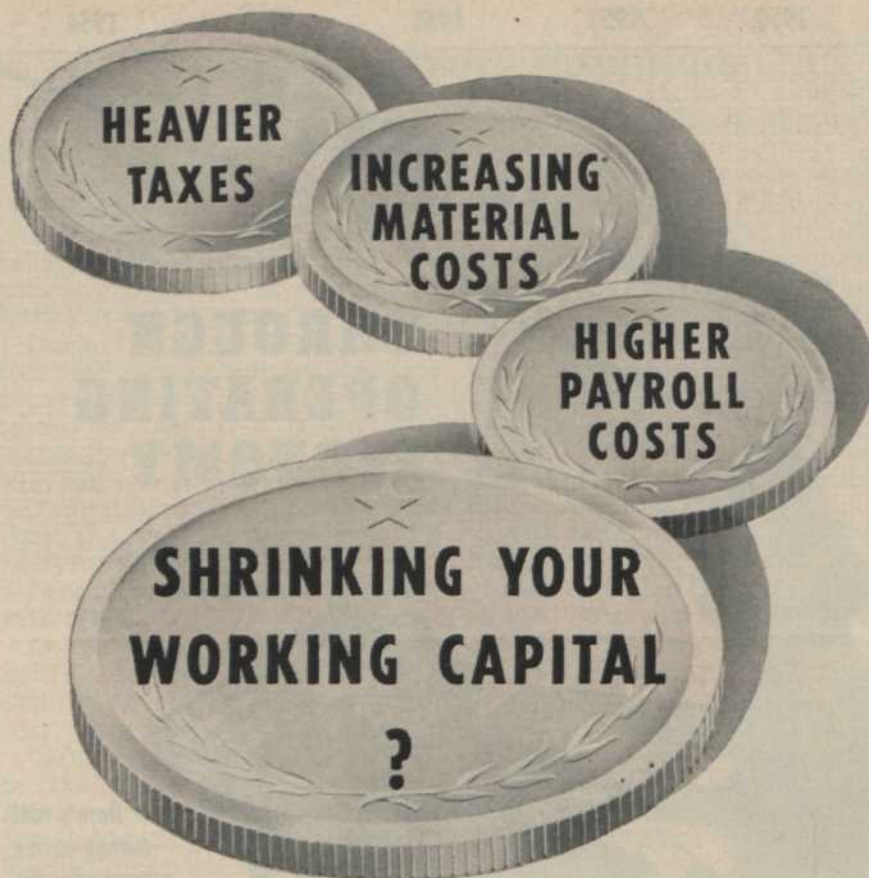
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as a way of life—some of its kindly and neighborly aspects.

Older hands recall that a spirit of friendly cooperation existed right up to World War II, with comments that run like this:

"It used to be that you couldn't get along without helping one another. Even right through the depression most of us knew that we'd sink or swim together. Why in the old days if your cattle strayed to a neighbor's pasture you went and got them when you didn't have anything more important to do and that was fine with him. Today let one calf jump the fence and your neighbor probably will be on the phone telling you to come fetch your critter before he eats all the grass."

This nostalgia for the good old days may stem from the fact that the sand hills region is a big country with limited opportunities for social activity. Burwell has its cattle sale on Friday and most ranchers from the adjacent hinterland attend, particularly in the fall when the heavy runs are on. In August, the village stages a four-day rodeo and stockmen turn out to see events like roping, bronco busting, and steer bulldogging, which have disappeared from modern ranching.

On his day in town the stockman may take in the local popcorn emporium where movies also are shown, or try his luck at the public poker games, having a drink at the bring-your-own-jug bar in the basement of the veterans club, followed by a steak, fried and well done. Except for the occasional one day a week, the rancher will turn to the outdoors for his recreation as he does for his livelihood.

A fishing trip may take him to Florida, the Gulf Coast, Mexico or California in the winter and Minnesota, Wisconsin or Canada in the summer but apart from these and occasional trips to the stockyards at Omaha or Sioux City, he's a stay-at-home individual.

Although the tractor and the jeep have replaced the horse, although most operations have been so mechanized that a single man can operate several thousand acres with only a few days extra help during the haying season, no machine has yet been invented to do the rancher's worrying for him. When he's away from home, and particularly during the winter, the rancher is much like the parents whose children are entrusted to a strange baby sitter. He's concerned about his cattle.

It's when his cattle need help

that the latent heroic qualities of the rancher come to the surface. March 6, 1949, was a warm and balmy day and ranchers looked forward to an early spring only to wake up the next morning to the year's worst blizzard, a fine snow driven by a 40 mile per hour gale.

On the ranch of Carl Barthell, a bunch of calves were in a pasture without a shed and several miles from the house. Barthell hitched up a team and wagon for a rescue operation. Somehow, driving by instinct, he made it to the pasture, loaded the wagon with calves, returned them to the safety of a shed. Although the details are lost, Barthell made three such trips that day, regarded by his neighbors as an epic feat.

The fact that the sand hills country lies close to the geographic center of the United States may be responsible for the average rancher's lack of concern with the cold war and the tensions of world affairs.

More often than not he'll dismiss international relations by reckoning that the Russians won't waste any atom bombs on his region and then speculating whether the barn at Burwell or the barn at Atkinson will have the best run of cattle at the next sale.

Although well versed in cattle quotations and with developments in the livestock industry, the average grasslands rancher has few dealings with the federal Government's farm programs and hence is less familiar with them than those who operate in the grain belt. More often than not, if you ask a rancher his opinion of the Brannan plan, he'll counter with the question:

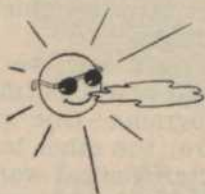
"What is the Brannan plan?"—or:

"I've heard about that and I've been wanting to meet somebody who could explain it to me."

Whether these statements come from lack of information or concealed humor is uncertain because the range country has its share of dry humorists.

Interviewing George Wilkinson who has seen ranching from the sod house days to the present and whose Black Angus topped the Burwell sale last fall, I asked many questions, among them how were the ranchers doing.

Wilkinson recalled his boyhood and his manhood and then opined that those who had grown up with the industry had never done more than make enough to eat, adding: "And I'm still hoping that some day we'll be able to afford steak like you city folks."



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The Bug Bomb Challenges the Atom

(Continued from page 39)

and the Russians know how to destroy fowl with Newcastle disease and fowl plague. The former is 100 per cent fatal for chickens, turkeys and ducks.

During the last war we conducted two great new scientific development programs. One was in atomic warfare; the other in biological or bacteriological warfare. (Biological, bacteriological, or simply "germ" warfare is not to be confused with chemical warfare; it means the use of living organisms or their products to attack either human life or the food or drink which supports human life.) The germ research was carried on at installations near Frederick, Md., Vigo, Ind., Pascagoula, Miss., Dugway, Utah; as well as at Grosse Isle, Quebec. The offensive research was directed toward increasing the virulence of certain diseases, toward quantity production of the "weapons," and toward devising effective methods for "attack" either by air or by saboteur.

Only two guarded reports on the germ research have been made public. The first, in 1946, was a report to the Secretary of War by George W. Merck, special consultant for biological warfare. In the second, in 1949, Secretary of Defense James Forrestal only reported that development of germ warfare was "continuing" so that we "can be able to use this weapon in the future should it become necessary." He warned against "biological sabotage before a declaration of war."

It is known that had the Japanese not surrendered after the use of the atomic bomb, we intended to employ several germ weapons. The first would have been a "synthetic hormone" which had been developed to destroy the Japanese rice crop. A scientist who helped develop this hormone wrote: "This agent would, without injury to human or animal life, have made the growing crop useless. Even in infinitesimal dilution it is capable of depriving the enemy of the benefits of his labor. It is diabolical in that it will allow the plants to grow in a seemingly normal manner, but there will be no yield."

The Orient lives on grain—wheat and rice. It is believed that in a protracted war with Russia and the Orient, our efforts against the wheat and rice crops could demoralize and reduce the popula-

tion even more sensationally than our atomic efforts.

Well poisoning is one of the oldest forms of warfare, but our scientists have refined it. During the last war we isolated and produced in quantity crystalline botulinus toxin, the most potent of all gastrointestinal poisons. It is 100 per cent fatal to man; it's 10,000 times as poisonous as potassium cyanide; one gram of it contains 7,000,000 lethal doses; and one airplane can carry enough to destroy the population of the earth.

Using this toxin, saboteurs can easily annihilate the population of any city, Russian or American. Twenty-five pounds of it evenly dispersed will contaminate 1,000,000,000 gallons of water to the extent that three swallows will be a lethal dose. Since it doesn't act for about nine hours, normally every resident of a city would have consumed a lethal dose before its presence was noted in the water.

On April 16, 1948, Northwestern University announced that its chemists had isolated a substance of such toxicity that "one-quarter pound dropped in the water supply of a city of 100,000 would kill every inhabitant."

The American Association of Scientific Workers reported to the United Nations: "A routine, unpurified preparation of psittacosis virus contains per milliliter approximately 20,000,000 respiratory doses for man. Dispersal efficiency may be low, but even as low as .01 per cent the potency would be extraordinarily high. Such preparations are now easily produced in liter amounts in a single small laboratory."

Psittacosis and tularemia are classified as "weapons useful for debilitating a population rather than destroying it." Both are: "very good, highly infectious, not usually fatal, but prostrating, with prolonged disability, convalescence very slow."

Dr. Theodor Rosebury of Columbia University believes that melioidosis, a disease of the Malay Archipelago, is "perhaps the most formidable potential agent for germ warfare." It is highly fatal, foreign, mysterious, hard to diagnose until after death; of 83 cases observed in man only two are known to have survived.

These are only a few of the weapons in our germ arsenal, but any thoughtful citizen can enlarge

the list and grasp the potentialities. In thinking of germ warfare either in connection with or in contrast to atomic warfare, bear in mind these points:

1. Until now scientists have fought to control germs, to reduce their virulence—science has been on the side of men against the germs. What happens when science allies itself with the germs and seeks to enhance virulence? And virulence can be enhanced—manyfold. If you are hit by a war-germ, he won't be some tired, half-dead, natural germ; he'll be artificially souped-up.

2. Human bodies, even plants and animals, naturally build up defenses against the germs which usually attack them. So in germ warfare you employ the exotic germ as a weapon; you use diseases against which there are no naturally prepared defenses.

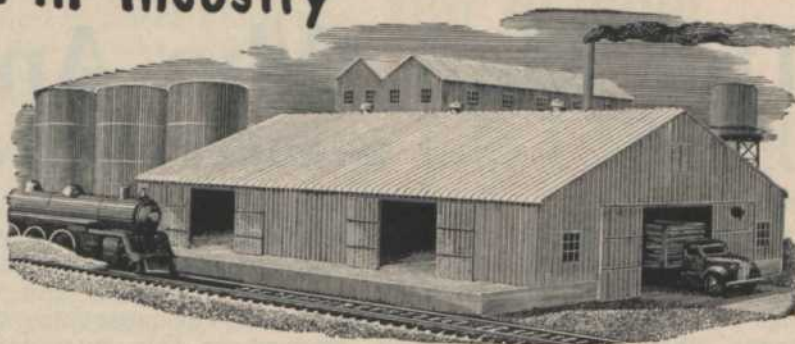
3. Formerly men scoffed at germ warfare because they said germs couldn't survive the heat of a bursting shell. But no longer must germs be delivered by bursting shell. This is the age of the organized fifth column, of airplanes which can dust 1,000,000 acres in a day, and of the aerosol bomb.

4. "Cold climates where there is crowding and lack of sanitation" is the description of the ideal locale for germ warfare.

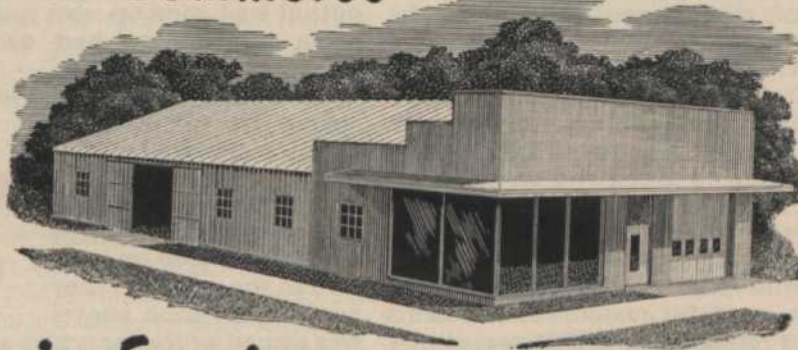
5. No airplane smaller than a B-29 can carry the A-bomb. Since one or two A-bombs is to be the "trigger" of the H-bomb, the latter is likely to be a rather complex gadget weighing not less than 25 tons. So its carrier is likely to be ponderous. The carriers for germ warfare, in addition to our saboteurs, can be the lightest and fastest airplanes. And if germ warfare needs a "demoralizing agent" to heighten its effectiveness, perhaps the new-type A-bomb carried in the B-47 jet bomber, would be quite sufficient.

It is perhaps to be regretted that during the last war our atomic scientists were granted a brief, dramatic moment to demonstrate their wares while our germ scientists, who had labored just as hard and maybe more effectively, were denied their demonstration. If the second demonstration had been presented—or if only our germs had been loosed on the surviving pigs and goats at Bikini—then we might be saving money and effort today; the world might be closer to some sort of peace.

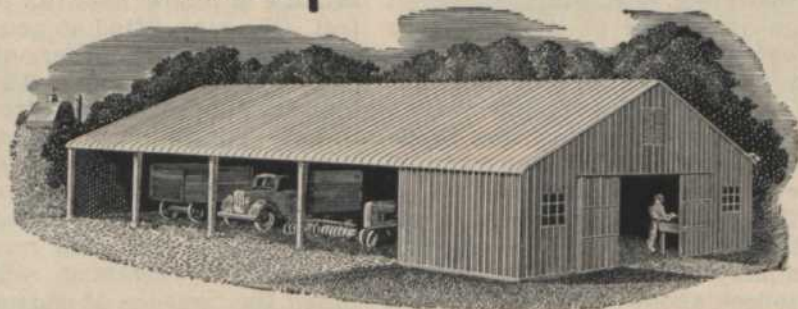
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The Man Who Analyzed Work

By ROGER BURLINGAME

ONE SPRING DAY, just before the dawn of the twentieth century, some 600 men were working in the huge yard of the Bethlehem Steel Works. They were scattered over a square mile. Some were loading pig iron. Many were shoveling—sand, cinders, coal, ore. Among the shovelers, watching each with a keen eye, moved a “revolutionist.”

Today, 50 years later, the word revolutionist conjures up a picture of a Stalin, a Lenin, a Karl Marx—plotting to overthrow government by force. In the upset state of our world we are likely to forget the other kind of revolutionist—the genius who quietly scraps worn-out, wasteful customs and systems and replaces them with something wholly new, to the immense benefit of mankind. Such prophets are on page after page of the American story: Franklin, Jefferson, Whitney, Edison and the great business reformers, Patterson and Wanamaker. Such a genius was Frederick Winslow Taylor who watched the shovelers at Bethlehem.

The yard men looked at Taylor with suspicion. Was he crazy, this company officer, writing in his notebook about every move in this common, dirty, \$1 a day job? But then men in management had

been asking the same question for 20 years. They had called him a “radical,” a theorist, and yes, too, a lunatic. The queer thing was that everywhere this “madman” had worked—even as gang boss or foreman or machinist-experimenter—output had gone up, cost had gone down and strikes had dwindled away.

Watching the shovelers on that spring morning, Fred Taylor knew that everything they did was wrong. The dozen different sizes and shapes of the shovels bore no relation to the material they worked in. Each shovel was owned by the man who wielded it; it had been chosen and bought because a fellow liked its look or feel. One man lifted 40 pounds of ore on his shovel, another only four or five of rice coal on his. The total tonnage shoveled varied from day to day. Taylor knew at once that there must be an ideal shovel-load which would give a maximum day's weight, regardless of the material. So he picked two good men and proceeded to establish what he called the “science of shoveling.”

He started them out with a shovel holding 38 pounds of ore. He

counted the day's shovelfuls, then weighed the day's tonnage. The next day they used a shorter shovel holding only 34 pounds. The day's tonnage per man went up. With a 30 pound shovelful it went up again. Each day they reduced the pounds per shovel and the total tonnage of each man rose. But below the 22 pound shovel-load it began to go down. Finally Taylor set 21½ pounds as the ideal.

**PACE MAKERS
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After these experiments, Taylor installed a shovel room at Bethlehem and told the men to leave their own at home. When he

started work, a ticket with a number was given each man. In the shovel room he found the corresponding shovel. If his job was rice coal he got a big one holding 21½ pounds of rice coal; if it was ore, he got a small one holding 21½ pounds of ore. With this “science” plus some other devices, Taylor was able to cut the Bethlehem yard labor force by two thirds and raise daily loadings from 16 to 59 tons per man.

Here was a simple example of the way Taylor worked. His thousands of other studies were more complicated. His mind, a vast library of working blueprints, was, from his childhood, exact, scientific, detailed. Instinctively he split everything he saw into its minutest parts. As a boy, playing croquet, he worried his fellows by plotting the angles of his strokes. He counted his steps as he walked to learn the most efficient stride. A great lover of sport, he analyzed every motion of an athlete. Perhaps it was this approach which made him, in 1881, a tennis doubles champion of the United States.

Taylor entered industry by accident. At 16 he was a brilliant student, headed for a career in law. After two years at Phillips Exeter Academy, he passed, with honors, the entrance exams for Harvard. But the work had wrecked his eyes and a doctor told him he must rest—an intolerable prescription. After some restless months, he went into a Philadelphia machine shop as an apprentice. That ended the law idea for good. By the time



Workers laboring for \$1 a day eyed Fred Taylor with suspicion when he appeared among them and made many notes on a pad

he was 22, the sight, sound and smell of industry had entered his soul to stay.

Skilled jobs were scarce in 1878. The only thing he could find as a start in industry was the stint of a day laborer at the Midvale Steel Works. Here he learned shoveling the hard way. But by the end of the year he had been promoted three times.

In his first years at Midvale, he found that the positions of management and labor were in complete reverse. The workers ran the shop to their own liking. In spite of long hours and a show of arrogance toward the men, it was they, not the bosses, who determined methods, set output, controlled machines and tools. Each machinist performed every operation by his own "rule of thumb." Machine speeds, choice of tools, methods of work were decided by whim or hunch. There was systematic "soldiering."

All over the shop, steps, motions, time were being wasted.

Taylor saw the answer to the whole problem. If you could find out, to a split second, the best time for every operation, the ideal speed for each machine for each kind of work, you could base mathematical formulas on a precise fair day's work, set a timetable and proper pay rates for the entire shop.

There was nothing new about stop watch timing. But before Taylor, timing was done for an entire job. The record was useful only when that particular job had to be done again. Taylor split each job into its component parts and took the time of each. As these parts were common to many jobs, the records he made were flexible.

To take a simple, homely example: suppose you time a carpenter making a bookcase and note how many hours he takes. This record is useful the next time you want a bookcase. But when you want a sideboard, it has no value. Taylor would have disregarded the total bookcase time but he would have recorded so many seconds to saw the boards, so many to plane them, bevel them, drill screw holes, tighten screws. And with such records he could estimate the sideboard time as well.

When he began, Taylor figured he would get science into management in six months. It took him 26 years. He and a team of assistants built up a body of some 40,000 records and countless mathematical formulas. His schedules, routing, instruction cards stopped soldiering. The man who was not ready on time was just out of luck.

Here, by the way, was a foretaste of the moving assembly line. But the total effect of these scientific gimmicks was to take control away from workers and put planning in the hands of management. To compensate men for loss of initiative, Taylor insisted on raising their pay.

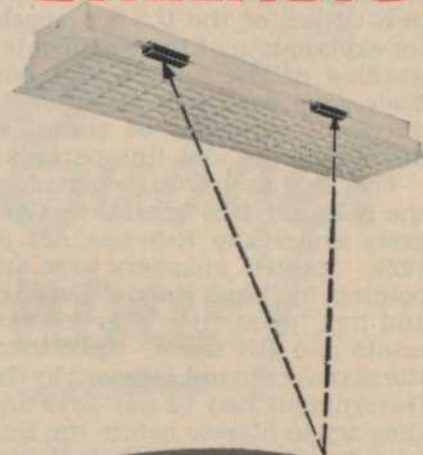
At every step he met opposition. First the workers threatened to throw him "over the fence." Then conservative managers refused to believe that raising pay could lower the cost, per piece, of work. But Taylor was stubborn and tough. Men never got used to the contrast between his mild, sensitive face and the profanity that spiced his answers to their complaints. In time, workers recognized his fierce sense of justice and came to understand that, as Louis D. Brandeis said of him, they were the ones "for whom he labored most." In the end, balance sheets and pay envelopes did his selling for him.

By 1911, he was able to announce that 50,000 workers were employed in the plants that had adopted his "scientific management," that they were receiving 30 to 100 per cent higher wages than men of similar caliber elsewhere, that output on the average had doubled and that not a single strike had occurred.

In person, Taylor was of medium height, spare, close-knit and blond. In temperament he was the kind of paradox that is said to go with genius—intensely nervous and high-strung in contrast to his cool thinking. He was a victim of insomnia and nightmares: he could sleep in peace only when bolstered upright in bed. With all his force of will, he was modest to the point of fighting against having his name attached to his system. His staunch supporters, however, such men as Henry R. Towne of Yale and Towne, James Mapes Dodge of Link-Belt, Horace K. Hathaway of Tabor Manufacturing and Harrington Emerson, the efficiency engineer and many others, brought him world fame as the "Father of Scientific Management."

Taylor's lasting achievement was the establishment of business research. In the complexity of life in 1950, with its vast coordination of enterprises, its mathematics of cost accounting, its on-the-nose production, buying and selling, a business or industry without a planning department would be about as effective as a car without a steering wheel. When he died in 1915, Taylor had seen clearly into the vista ahead. Fortunately, in his scant 60 years of life he had laid the foundation for a new era.

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When Taxpayers Go to Court

(Continued from page 36)

defend themselves without counsel, the tribunal gets an occasional letter of praise, a pleasant relief from the brickbats. Recently, a Brooklyn lady wrote in:

"You certainly deserve great commendation for your attention to a citizen of the U.S.A.'s appeal for explanation of the complicated wording of the notices sent out. Your good deed and attention to duty can no doubt be traced to home training and fine parents."

The Tax Court was created as the Board of Tax Appeals by Congress under the Revenue Act of 1924. Its first members were appointed by Pres. Calvin Coolidge and had jurisdiction over income, estate and gift taxes. Until then, the taxpayer found deficient by the Government had to pay first and then try to litigate before the District Court. From the start, the Board of Tax Appeals had plenty of business, but as the tax base broadened and its troubles increased, Board members became sensitive about their title and authority.

"We were in an anomalous position," declares a veteran of the Court. "Nobody knew how to address us." While some thoughtless critics suggested members be called "Boarders," the Supreme Court praised the Board, declared it a reputable judicial body and urged other federal courts to stop overruling its decisions. Finally, the Board was redesignated the Tax Court and the dignified title of "Judge" was given to its members.

The Tax Court frequently got a backhanded endorsement from its critics. While some said that it was overly sympathetic to the wealthy taxpayer and deprived the federal Government of legitimate revenue, others declared it was "packed" by Presidents to assure blind support for the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

No judicial body has heard more fascinating testimony. Through the years, the Court has been bedazzled by the private lives and absorbing tax troubles of Charlie Chaplin, Pierre du Pont, Andrew Mellon, Cecil B. DeMille, John D. Raskob, Jack Dempsey, W. C. Fields, and Murray "The Camel" Humphries, alleged kidnapper and lieutenant of Al Capone.

The case of the late W. C. Fields was a pleasant interlude for the tax judges. Fields, whose money

habits were unique, applied to the Government for a \$20,000 refund on his 1937 income tax. In that year, he had earned \$136,303 in movies and \$95,000 in radio, but his expenses were fearful, he declared. The commissioner, however, came right back with a demand for an additional \$20,000 in taxes.

Fields put on a spectacular show as he outlined his expenses—whisky for entertainment, fees for gag writers, the cost of keeping himself and his fleet of automobiles in running order. His gravest expense that year, he said, was for a health cure. "I was in a sanitarium," he told the judge. "I had pneumonia."

Reporters covering the Fields' trial snickered happily. "All right,"



the comedian declared, "so it wasn't pneumonia. I don't like to say this in front of reporters, but I was actually in that sanitarium for the DT's." Fields lost his case.

The wealthiest plaintiffs before the Court were John D. Raskob, Pierre du Pont and Andrew Mellon. In 1929 Raskob, one-time financial angel of the Democratic party, and du Pont, the industrialist, sold each other stocks valued at nearly \$30,000,000. Both called it a straightforward sale, claimed heavy losses and filed tax returns accordingly. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue disagreed and demanded an additional \$78,000 from du Pont and \$1,026,000 from Raskob. The Court, in a blistering opinion, sided with the commissioner.

"Justice is probably blind," the Court opined, "but not so purblind as these parties wish it to be. Such an arrangement could conceivably be without design, but such a thing would be too remarkable for belief."

The Court, however, absolved the late Andrew Mellon on charges of attempting to defraud the Government. In 1931, Mellon had claimed a deduction of \$3,247,695 for five paintings by old masters which he had given to the "Andrew W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust." The Bureau denied this claim and demanded \$2,075,103 in additional taxes and penalties. But the Court by an eight to seven vote ruled that the paintings were a "valid and completed gift" and cleared the former Secretary of the Treasury.

Today, the Tax Court judges have a fuller calendar than ever before, although the number of judges is the same as when the Board of Tax Appeals was established. While each of the 16 judges has his own office and anteroom in Washington, he spends as much time on the road as at home base. Whenever enough cases pile up in any area on the circuit, a judge and his deputy clerk are dispatched to hold hearings in such cities as Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, New Orleans, Spokane, and Honolulu.

The hard-working clerks serve their judges as bailiff, secretary, court crier and aide. On the circuit, both men live on nontaxable expense accounts of \$10 daily for judges and \$9 for clerks. The clerk usually precedes his judge to the city, arriving on a week end with a trunkful of documents, court forms, rubber stamps and carbon paper. Except in New York and Chicago, where the Tax Court has its own courtrooms, the judges must borrow space from local federal courts. Before the court opens on Monday morning, the clerk calls the plaintiffs, arranges the calendar and telephones the judge at his hotel to see if he is comfortable. In the tension of the approaching hearings, the attorneys of the commissioner and the petitioner often get together, clear up their dispute and arrange a compromise settlement. About 40 per cent of cases on the docket are settled before trial time.

Although the judges are rather reserved and dignified, they seem vivid personalities to their clerks. Judge Kern, now presiding judge, is considered unusually amiable. During his circuit trips, he invites

his clerk once a week to join him for cocktails and dinner.

When Judge Richard L. Disney is on the circuit, he goes to movies whenever he gets a chance. "He only goes for higher-type shows," his clerk declares, "things like 'Hamlet' and 'She Wore a Yellow Ribbon'." Judge Ernest H. Van Fossan, according to his clerk, is especially meticulous about keeping order in the court. On the bench, he writes little notes to his clerk such as: "See that man with a cigar in his mouth? Tell him to take it out!"

At the moment, the Tax Court has 7,000 cases pending, more than ever before. Back in Washington, Victor S. Mersch, chief clerk of the Court, gets letters from small taxpayers in ever-increasing numbers. Thin, sandy-haired and sympathetic, Mersch painstakingly advises his correspondents about court procedure and tries to clear up confusion that springs from the "Rules of Practice Before the Tax Court."

He explains the petitioner's rights and privileges, the proper legal forms for a petition, the necessity of filing this form in quadruplicate and enclosing a \$10 filing fee. Sometimes he holds the \$10 fee for a day or two, just to be sure the petitioner actually wishes to file. A while ago, one such fee already was processed when the petitioner changed his mind and decided to drop the case. His letter to Mersch showed so much strain that Mersch cheerfully sent him \$10 of his own.

Mersch still believes that any average taxpayer should understand the "Rules of Practice." The involved legal terms have been reduced to a minimum, he says, and no citizen should have trouble with such common legal phrases as "point of fact," "burden of proof" and "prayer for relief." But Mersch's faith in the "rules" as a model of clarity was shattered recently by one Carl J. Vaccaro of Lafayette, La. The commissioner had found Vaccaro's 1947 tax return deficient by \$312. Vaccaro decided to handle his own case before the Tax Court and wrote to the clerk for instructions. Mersch sent them, and back came Vaccaro's petition.

On first glance, it looked just fine, Mersch recalls. But when the clerk reached the end of Vaccaro's petition, where the "rules" prescribe a "prayer for relief to the Tax Court," he read in amazement:

"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. . ."



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WHEN people think of golf, the word Pinehurst usually comes to mind—and not without reason. It is the U. S. capital of that sport

PARADISE for GOLFERS

By JOHN LaCERDA



IN THE village of Pinehurst, N. C., which is looked on as the golfing capital of America, the minister of a local church gave a sermon not long ago which many golfers will consider highly significant.

"Golf," he said, "is exactly like life. Its problems are life's problems. When a man of character gets into trouble, he controls his emotions. He's tempted to cheat, but he doesn't. The real golfer is always a good companion and a gentleman—just as in life a gentleman is forever a gentleman."

Having delivered the sermon to a congregation dressed mostly in sports clothes, the minister, the Rev. Thaddeus A. Cheatham, left the church and hurried over to the country club, where he fired an impressive 78 on one of the three

courses with which this paradise among the pines is endowed.

Pinehurst is richer in the history and traditions of golf than any other American resort. Nowhere else in the United States have there been more tournaments of national importance. The North and South Amateur, for instance, has been held there each spring for 50 years—the longest uninterrupted run of any major U. S. tournament.

The influx of links-lovers brings into the village of 1,200 year-around residents more business pertaining directly to golf than is enjoyed by any other community on this side of the Atlantic. The fairway bonanza keeps in a high state of prosperity the village's six major hotels, 15 boardinghouses

and a complete village-within-a-village, called Taylortown, in which reside 500 Negro caddies and their families.

The village was founded 55 years ago by the late James W. Tufts, a New England soda fountain manufacturer who, on the advice of his good friend, author Edward Everett Hale, purchased Pinehurst's 5,000 acres for \$1 an acre. Tufts divided the land into small plots as a health area for farmers with weak lungs. Over the years, however, golf has replaced the farming and today the 5,000 acres, now worth an estimated \$8,000,000, are administered by Tufts' three grandsons, one of whom, Richard S. Tufts, is secretary of the United States Golf Association.

The village itself, which resembles an old-fashioned New England town, covers about 400 acres, not including the 700 acres occupied by the three courses, and

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is webbed across by meandering lanes bordered by hibiscus, holly trees and long-needed pines.

Administration of the village is in the corporate hands of Pinehurst, Inc., which the Tufts own. This corporation employs the village's three policemen, runs the two-engine fire department, keeps the ten miles of streets clean and paved, generates heat for the major hotels, monopolizes the sale of golfing equipment and, betimes, runs a lumber mill, controls a bank, a movie theater and the village's only garage and filling station.

It was at Pinehurst that Donald J. Ross, distinguished designer of more than 600 golf courses and sometimes called "Mr. Golf Himself," made his headquarters before he died a few years ago.

Among the 600 persons on Pinehurst's payroll are ten golf professionals. One of them, Harold Callaway, has been there for 28 winter seasons and has given approximately 38,000 lessons. One of his steady customers is Louis Fabian Bachrach, the photographer, whom Callaway knows primarily as a persistent slicer. Of all his pupils, the late John J. Raskob was perhaps the most cooperative. Raskob, recalls Callaway, was a man of remarkable will power, addicted to topping the ball. Callaway finally convinced him that "every man has his own par and should be contented with it"; thenceforth, Raskob discontinued trying to equal the course par and became a much happier man.

Another pro, George Carney, was once told by Philip D. Reed, board

chairman for General Electric, that Reed would be willing to sit in a chair in Macy's window if he could break 70. To date, the window has not been embellished by his presence.

Probably the most revered of the pros is Willie Willson, 73, who handles the registration of guests and sometimes entertains them, to prove his ageless agility, by kicking at a sign suspended higher than his head.

There are few of golf's leading players, amateur or professional, who have not in their day trod Pinehurst's famous No. 2 or championship course. With a par of 72, the course is made hazardous by narrow fairways and 300 traps. It stretches 6,952 yards from the back tees and has been described by Sam Snead as the nation's best all-around course. Ben Hogan once picked the sixth and eleventh holes of No. 2 for a theoretical "Utopia" course comprised of the world's best holes. While George T. Dunlap, Jr., holds the competitive record of 64 on No. 2, the highest score ever recorded was a 162 reported by a New York banker, name not remembered, who seldom was out of the piney woods during a club tournament.

The other courses—known simply as No. 1 and No. 3—are more scenic and are embellished by wider fairways and fewer water hazards.

Most Pinehurst golfers maintain contact with the outside world through a weekly newspaper called *The Outlook*, published until recently by Robert E. Harlow, former

tournament manager of the United States Professional Golfers' Association and also editor of *Golfing World*, a magazine distributed internationally. While *The Outlook* has been described as "dealing only in sweetness and light," because of a desire never to offend, it occasionally gets into somewhat serious difficulties.

A short time ago, for example, one of its golf writers, Bud Harvey, described the beagles used in a local fox hunt as dogs instead of hounds. The local sponsors of the hunt and many of their friends threatened to cancel their subscriptions. This so annoyed Harlow that it inspired, in part, his subsequent decision to sell *The Outlook*.

George Fillary Shearwood, a tweed-clad former captain in Britain's Gordon Highlanders, is on the Pinehurst staff as official greeter and producer of a mimeographed hotel bulletin called *The Crackerbarrel*.

Because of the geographic contours of the countryside and the heat reflection of the sands, Pinehurst's weather is predominantly clear and mild. This delights everyone except a Thomas Darst, who operates a brokerage office adjoining the lobby of the Carolina. For him business thrives best when rain comes.

Except for Darst, the most energetic local enterpriser is a John Deadwyler, who operates a shop where hand-loomed tweeds are produced at \$10 per yard. One of his favorite customers is Mrs. Henry A. Page, Jr., of Sand Hills,



PHOTOS BY JOHN G. HEMMER

Few of golf's great players have not in their day trod Pinehurst's famous championship course

who is president of a short-line railroad operating between Aberdeen, N. C., and Fort Bragg. So hospitable is the shop that Mrs. Page sometimes calls on the Dead-eylers at 2 a.m. to buy a yard or two of goods.

The most popular gathering place for Pinehurst ladies, next to the country club, is a log-walled building called the Woman's Exchange, where local golfers can dispose of unwanted items in the interest of charity and where examples of the state's handicraft also are sold. Some years ago, a swamp country farmer, noting the name of the place, stopped off on his way to see a golf tournament. Either in seriousness or in jest, he said he would like to exchange his wife for another woman. The ladies, some of them wielding golf sticks, rushed him out of the Exchange.

Some 200 of the village's women residents and visitors are banded together in a group called "The Silver Foils," so named, according to legend, because one of the founders picked up a bit of tinfoil after making a sensational fairway shot and said, "This may be a lucky symbol—let's call ourselves the Silver Foils." The Foils now have their own private rooms at the club, staffed by full-time attendants. Members include such personages as Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, Mrs. Estelle Lawson Page, Mrs. Richard Hellmann, of the mayonnaise family, and Mrs. Eberhard Faber, wife of the pencil and eraser manufacturer.

As counterpart of the Foils there is a men's group called "The Tin Whistles," so named after a similarly titled gang of Brooklyn toughs of the Boss Tweed era. Before adopting their name, the Whistles were for years called the "Wow! Wow! Wow! Rah! Rah! Rah! Club." Despite such informality of title, the club is one of America's most exclusive golfing fraternities. The bylaws define the club as having been created to "maintain a neutral zone for a choice and chosen few." The by-laws state:

"It shall be the duty of each member to suppress the incipient conceit of any fellow member who thinks he is in line for the North and South Amateur Championship." Socialite Livingston L. Biddle II, publisher John S. Knight, manufacturer Ira T. Mosher and Horton Smith are among the 366 members.

A former member was Edgar A. Guest, the poet, who once blacked his face and hired out as a caddie

for Frederick Wardell, late president of the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company. Guest indulged in a series of fairway annoyances, including kicking the ball, and so irritated Wardell that the industrialist fired him in mid-course and trudged onward carrying his own bag.

At a local hostelry named the Berkshire, there is a soundproof room known as "The Den." In it, a stag group of golfers who call themselves "The Wolves" hold nightly card sessions and address one another by such names as "Watchful Wolf," "Doleful Wolf" and "Big Bad Wolf." While most of the club's activities center around card-playing, there is a by-law prohibiting members and guests from discussing matters taking place in the clubroom. The reason for this rule is said to be reflected in the nickname given one convivial member: "Martini Wolf."

The hundreds of caddies who serve Pinehurst come as close to making their business a profession as any caddies anywhere. One bag-bearer is 84 and still in demand, especially for holding umbrellas over golfers during rainy weather. Another caddie is a part-time minister. As high-quality practitioners, Pinehurst caddies are sometimes temperamental. Harvie Ward, Jr., for example, learned this during a North and South Tournament when he ignored a caddy's advice about using a certain club. Angered, the caddy put down the bag and started to walk off the course when Ward relented and used the club recommended. He birdied the hole.

George C. Dutton of Boston has had many similar experiences with caddies and credits their advice for having helped him win the first North and South Amateur in 1901.

While Pinehurst regulars are not usually given to high jinks, they can appreciate an interesting stunt. Several thousand of them, for instance, turned out one night to see architect Ross and Jack Jolly, a leading golfer of his day, play 18 holes by Carolina moonlight.

In the gallery were such notables as Gutzon Borglum, the mountain-carver; Michael Meehan, the stock market specialist, and bandsman John Philip Sousa. Also present was a J. D. Foot, who had trained a pack of dogs to hunt for lost balls if necessary. The dogs were unneeded, though, because no golf balls were lost and Jolly finished with a score of 93 and Ross with an illuminating 88.

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A book display at a turkey shoot helped bag customers

Today's Libraries Are Go-getters

THE DIRECTOR of the Gary, Ind., Library put down his *Post-Tribune* in disgust. The headlines screamed that the city once again had piled up the highest auto death rate in the United States for a municipality of its size.

How much longer was this to go on? The director and his staff decided to find out and in a few days came the opening shot of a campaign. It was a four-page pamphlet designed to get under everyone's skin in Gary. The first hide it pierced was that of the mayor, who immediately ordered a city-wide drive against traffic killings. The Junior Chamber of Commerce had 20,000 additional copies of the pamphlet printed. Working through service clubs, women's organizations, employers, labor unions, churches and the schools, the library was able to blanket the city with the pamphlets.

The police department fitted out and manned a bus-museum of horrible examples, which played to large crowds wherever it appeared. Before it was over, the campaign had made an imprint deep enough to shake Gary out of its spot at the head of the gruesome parade—and keep it out.

That's the way libraries operate today. No longer mere repositories of books, they are taking an active part in the lives of their communities. Their auditoriums and meeting rooms nurture all sorts of activities—hobby clubs, Americanization classes, little theater groups, concerts, forums and civic-improvement organizations.

A few years ago, the Cleveland Library, concerned over the declining patronage at one of its branches, made a survey to see what was wrong. The branch was in an out-of-the-way location—but that was a minor problem. The noise and smoke of encroaching factories were steadily blighting what was still a fairly livable section. But rarely were streets cleaned. Schools and playgrounds were inadequate. Traffic hazards abounded.

The library moved the branch into a centrally located building, set aside several rooms for meetings and converted an adjoining pool parlor into an auditorium. A browsing room, with easy chairs, floor lamps and plenty of ash trays, got favorable attention. Naturalization, beginners' English and other classes were started.

Next, the new, energetic young librarian invited several representative citizens to come in and discuss the neighborhood's ills. At the librarian's suggestion, the group formed a community council. Then a delegation was sent to the city hall. A few days later street cleaners descended on the area, cleaned it up and thereafter made it their steady beat. Traffic lights were installed at danger spots. Measures were taken to reduce the smoke and noise. Before long the library became the nerve center of the entire neighborhood.

But books are still the libraries' chief stock in trade and they are going after non-borrowers with unusual services and persuasive

advertising. The strategy is to get them into a library.

Louisville has cashed in handsomely on this policy ever since it installed television, deplored by many as the enemy of reading. The library bought 13 sets, three for the main building and one for each of its branches. The average nightly attendance tops 1,000 and has forced an extension of the 9 p.m. closing hour. More and more of these "customers" tarry at the bookshelves each night—gingerly at first—and then eventually sign up as regular borrowers of books.

Chicago's main library uses a somewhat similar technique, with noon-hour "shows." Films, music appreciation sessions, book talks by Chicago authors, "Great Dramatic Moments" on records and other selected programs are popular with office boys and executives alike. Books are displayed invitingly and can be borrowed with a minimum of red tape.

In New Rochelle, N. Y., employees of nearby business concerns flock to the library's outdoor reading rooms in spring and summer. They bring a sandwich or box lunch, park themselves in a deck chair under a gay beach umbrella, and relax with a book or a magazine.

Today's library makes a play for all age groups. It entices preschool kids with weekly story hours like the one at South Bend, Ind. Wednesday at ten is the time, but the tykes usually arrive an hour earlier with out-of-breath mothers in tow. Librarians use the waiting time to point out good books to take home—for mama, too. During the story hour, parents are invited to the child study room, where they may bone up on what



In Louisville, TV is proving a friend, not a foe, of reading

makes their offspring tick or perhaps discuss their problems with child psychologists, school nurses and other specialists.

Brooklyn picked up hundreds of youthful patrons with Saturday morning magic shows by a top-flight professional. The first performance drew 1,200 kids, 500 more than the auditorium could seat. At each of these shows, the library got in some telling commercials via the ventriloquist's dummy, one Oscar, whose recommendations generally "sold out" a book for months.

Perhaps the library's most notable success is with teen-agers. Nearly every city now has a room set aside for them. It is usually a cheery spot which looks—and sounds—more like a clubroom than a library and almost anything may be scheduled for a given night. There may be a personal appearance by a baseball star, a bird club session, demonstration of good grooming, square dance or a talk on how to break into journalism. Perhaps the ultimate in teen facilities is in Sacramento, Calif., where a mansion has been bequeathed for that purpose.

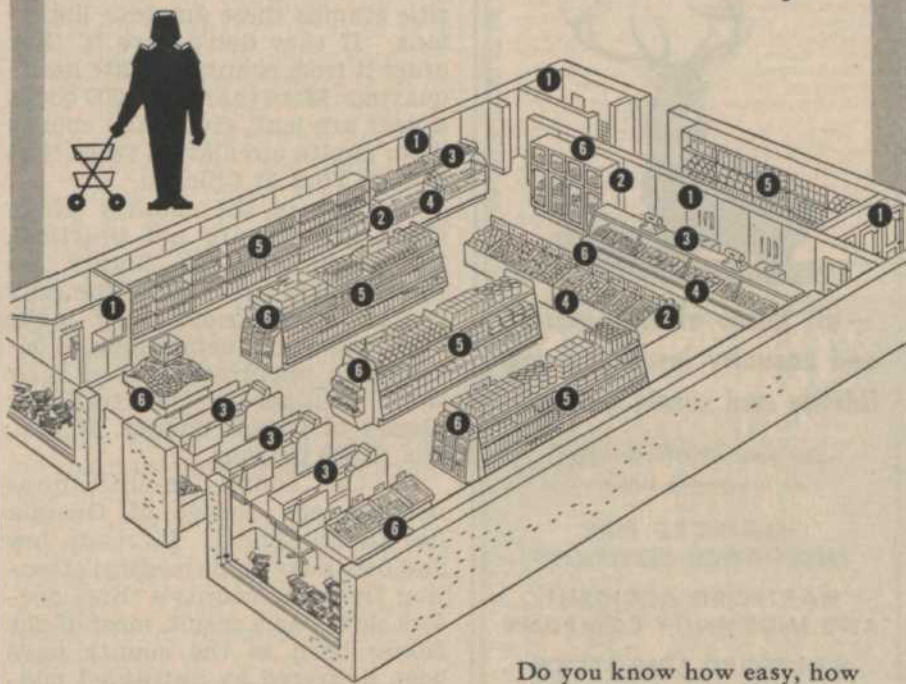
Libraries also are giving more attention to another widely discussed age group, the older people. Cleveland, for example, has organized a "Live-Longer-and-Like-It" Club, which now has more than 300 members, all of them 65 or older. Pensioned street cleaners, elderly women, retired industrialists are learning how to play and relax—and continue to grow. With the help of a librarian-adviser, sight-seeing trips, lectures, parties, charitable projects and reading courses are planned; members also put on their own concerts, plays and show homemade movies.

Libraries are also taking their wares out to those who find it inconvenient or impossible to come in for them. Sioux City, Iowa, maintains branches in ten hospitals and its librarians have made as many as 20,000 visits a year to patients. Lincoln, Nebr., circulates seven ceiling projectors through the city's three hospitals. Hempstead, N. Y., and Chicago render similar service to homebound patients.

Lending stations are set up in all sorts of unlibrarylike locations. Milwaukee has used post offices, department stores and fire houses; Jefferson, Mo., a garage; Seattle, a stall in the public market; Kenosha, Wis., a factory; Brooklyn, the city jail.

Kern County, Calif., has built up a system with a network of these

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stations, although its sprawling terrain of desert, mountain, cattle range and oil fields covers an area the size of Massachusetts. There are 175 depots, strategically placed in general stores, gas stations, schools and farmhouses, usually with volunteers in charge. No book title stumps these amateur librarians. If they don't have it, they order it from county or state headquarters. More than 1,000,000 books a year are lent, giving the county a per capita circulation twice that of New York or Chicago.

In parts of the country where these stations are not practical, the bookmobile or library on wheels takes over. It is the only contact many people ever make with books and, before long, it becomes an important part of their lives. "Gulliver," the traveling library of Cabell County, W. Va., has 15,000 patrons.

In the rough, mountainous northeastern corner of Georgia lies Rabun County. Its roads, few and bad, have made medical attention from the county's three doctors slow. As a result, most of the babies born in the county have been delivered by untrained midwives in cabins having few or no modern conveniences. A few years ago, several public-spirited citizens organized a health council and put on a campaign which culminated in the establishment of a small but adequate county maternity center.

But the age-old dependence on midwifery was not readily broken down. For almost all of its first year, the best the hospital could do was to attract a third of the county's maternity cases. The county library then enlisted in the cause and came up with a potent weapon—its bookmobile. This sturdy little vehicle already had established a reputation for getting through regularly—come mud or high water—to even the most inaccessible areas. It began to circulate posters, pamphlets and moving pictures. Finally, after 18 months, the hospital started to click.

Today more than 80 per cent of the country's babies are born there.

There seems to be no end to the types of service libraries are ready to perform. Highland Park, Mich., has seen a canning center in its basement. New York City, a pioneer in working with the blind, circulates more than 70,000 Braille and talking books a year. It recently completed 3,000 of these books—on—records itself, among them a compilation of examina-

tion questions for radio operator's license, a handbook on piano tuning and a text for chiropractic students. Newark has a lending collection of almost 500,000 pictures. Many of them are reproductions of the best in modern and traditional art, which can be borrowed and hung at home for as long as three months. Racine, Wis., has a teletype hookup with Milwaukee, which enables its patrons to draw, without delay, on that city's greater book and research facilities.

Libraries are becoming as adept and resourceful in their advertising as any private enterprise. About the only medium they haven't used yet is skywriting. When, for example, Lincoln, Nebr., puts on its "Know-Your-Library" Week, it pulls out all the stops. The mayor issues a proclamation, the Sunday paper runs a full-page feature story, radio announcers plug it on almost every station break. Department stores give up their best windows to book displays. Business houses donate generous portions of their daily advertising to this activity.

Milwaukee puts on two television shows a week. Denver has a field representative who solicits new customers house to house. East Orange, N. J., has found billboards effective and in Fitchburg, Mass., the library packed them in for the opening of a new teen room with the help of sandwich signs.

The Chisholm, Minn., Library became a fast convert to modern publicity methods when its carefully planned Book Exhibit Week flopped dismally during the first three days. Only 300 adults, most of them old friends, dropped in.

The people the library was hoping to see were streaming to a turkey shoot down the block. So the library hired a booth at the shoot and festooned it with the most eye-catching and colorful posters obtainable. Two pretty girls were put in charge and, to get in tune with the carnival spirit, a nightly book raffle was held. Chances were free but chance-takers had to sign their names and addresses. About 800 did. Here were those new faces the library was seeking. The day the shoot was over, it declared open season and kept gunning away until it had bagged large coveys of new readers.

This is the modern library, no longer living in a detached atmosphere of far away and long ago. Instead it is rapidly making itself a dynamic force for a better America—today and tomorrow.

—GEORGE WEINSTEIN

Merchandiser of Men

(Continued from page 60)

museum curators in some line along which they have a hobby, such as archaeology.

A rather surprising number of five-figure working men, too, listed among the 75 per cent of applicants who are presently employed, also have a yen to graze in peaceful academic pastures. But the great majority want to move higher in business. A few, until they learn to trust Lowen, apply under assumed names. More than a few are leery of appearing in the office and ask for interviews in obscure side-street restaurants.

Naturally, when Lowen makes a starched-collar man's unsuspected availability known by letter, telephone call or conversation, he has to use the utmost skill and discretion, lest a present high position be jeopardized. But most employers, he has found, don't have any hard feelings when a person tries to better himself.

"When I have found a new place for an employed client, I always advise him to tell his present employer exactly what he has been offered, and to ask advice on whether he should accept. There's a nice way of firing a boss as well as of firing an employee.

Lowen warns against showing resentment against a present employer during an interview with a new one. "Nobody wants to hire a sorehead!" he maintains, and too many job seekers, even those with years of experience at high salaries behind them, make the mistake of losing control of their emotions or of trying to ingratiate themselves with one person by running down another.

"Take an idea or two with you when you go on your interview. It will show the employer you have been thinking about his problems," is the advice he usually gives to a creative man. He believes that the door of employment opens most readily for the man seeking to give.

One of the most valuable things Lowen has to offer employed clients is counsel on whether or not to make a change. Many a top executive sees him periodically for a job check-up, as he goes to his doctor for a physical check-up, simply to decide whether he ought to stay put or try to move. Lowen listens with thoughtful, leisurely attention. Then, just as a reputable physician for the sake of a fee would not prescribe treatment for

a patient he finds well, he may advise against any move.

Recently, for example, the vice president in charge of sales of a large industrial company came in. "I think it's good business to be on your files," he said. "I want to know, after 18 years with this firm, am I doing as well as I should? If I'm going to make a change, it ought to be while I'm still in my forties." Lowen learned that the firm was thinking of making the man a director. He was earning a basic \$32,500 which with bonus amounted to \$35,000, in addition to holding a block of stock purchasable below market price.

"Stay where you are; any man on the road up shouldn't change," Lowen told him.

On the other hand, whenever he thinks a man or woman could be doing better elsewhere, he advises a move. It may be a matter of salary, or of opportunity for advancement, or of security, but above all Lowen recommends change when greater happiness is involved. Thanks to his services, there is a joyful man now earning \$25,000 who was miserable getting \$35,000. At the higher salary he was in the cosmetics business, which he felt was socially useless; now he works at employee education in one of the basic industries.

Each case is different, of course, but Lowen is willing to lay down a few general rules on when to change to another job. If a new position affords equal or more security, if it offers as happy an environment and as congenial associates, if it promises greater opportunities and responsibilities, and if it brings with it more money, then, and only then, is it worth considering.

It is not by accident that this man who pioneered in the specialized placement field and has reached its top, who has personally interviewed more than 100,000 job seekers, and who every day deals in thousands and tens of thousands of dollars' worth of earning power, places "more money" last in his list of job desiderata. A shrewd appraiser of men and situations, a highly practical intermediary in the practical world of business, he nevertheless believes firmly that achievement cannot be measured solely in dollars. "If you like your work so much that it seems like play, you are a success," he says. His own life meets this test.

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Arms and the Business Man

(Continued from page 30)

slovakia entered the market as a major purchaser in Singapore. The Czechs have been buying 200 tons daily. Some idea of the acceleration of these Iron Curtain purchases can be gained by comparing this daily sale to the Czechs' previous monthly purchase of 200 tons.

Other substantial shipments have been leaving for Hongkong, destined for Communist China and North Korea. One ship left Singapore recently with 4,000 tons of rubber consigned to Tientsin. There aren't enough factories anywhere near Tientsin to absorb 4,000 tons. The meaning is clear. Russian preparations are being stepped up rapidly and, in terms of commodities in short world supply, rearmament by America and strategic buying by Russia will multiply the shortage.

Yet with all this it will be months before the economy really feels the drain of armament. Congressional appropriations and even military orders are still many months removed from the manufacturing processes and the actual payment to the contractor. The revitalization of the aircraft program will not have developed its full impact on us; and its full drain on the economy won't be felt until the end of 1951. From now until then the effects will be gradual and progressive.

Much of recent inflation had no relation to the actual effect of military programing. Prices have reflected the competitive scramble to be prepared. Our inflation thus far has been largely psychological; it will be months before anticipatory effects are replaced by the hard-hitting realities of shortage.

Because that is so, the intent at present is to rely on both minimal and piecemeal controls. It was hoped that the inventory control order, coupled with modest constraints on consumer credit, would dampen demand sufficiently to keep our key materials in something like adequate supply. Yet, at the moment when those regulations were introduced, both the National Security Resources Board and the National Production Authority knew that they would stave off actual priorities and allocations for only a brief while. The tendency is to exaggerate the length of time in which piecemeal measures can be effective.

For example, in a filled-wallet economy, in a society in which purchasing power and savings are high, even the increased taxes on personal incomes already enacted will not sufficiently dampen consumer demand, nor adequately lessen the purchase of hard goods. It is inescapable, therefore, that these first restraints on credit and purchasing power will be followed by conservation measures on the use of materials, limitations orders on the output of the more expendable consumer items, and even restrictions on some of the necessities that use a great deal of our basic materials.

Our still existing national deficit in automobiles, coupled with the



"It's eight thirty, Wilma dear. Why haven't you tried to locate me?"

available purchase price in the hands of many consumers, creates direct pressure that ultimately will limit the number of cars that may be made. At a later date, perhaps, cars may again be allocated to the more essential consumers. So long as anywhere between 15 and 25 per cent of the economy is devoted to war needs, a formal system of priorities and allocations should suffice. But even this estimate contains some element of wish.

The experience of World War II indicates that, where materials are in truly short supply, priorities and allocations ultimately break down. They must be replaced by a more precise method similar to the old Controlled Materials Plan—a method whereby each prime contractor and each subcontractor in

the military production chain is assured the precise quantity of the precise materials at the precise time.

As less and less is available and expanded employment and payrolls add additional inflationary pressure, we move closer to the point where still higher taxes are employed to siphon off this purchasing power. It's at this point that price controls become a key regulation dominating output, instead of a piecemeal apparatus for an occasional out-of-line commodity. It is also at this point that the first rumblings of the demand for consumer rationing begin to occur, though we're still a substantial distance from that—the ultimate of the unpleasanties in Pandora's box.

Price control brings with it wage control, not only because wage is an integral and major element that makes up price, but because an environment that requires price control is one in which a substantial part of competitive bidding for labor already exists. Even now the first mild repercussion of the fighting in Korea while it lasted reduced the automobile industry's tenacious resistance to higher wages. Perhaps the word "reduced" ought to read "eliminated."

Some of the integral aspects of an arms economy further emphasize this. Where government is paying the cost of military contracts, where an excess-profits tax reduces the incentive to husband corporate income, many business men see little point in fighting increased costs, particularly when the acrimony of labor dispute is involved. Where the increased struggle to find competent skilled manpower exists, the incentive is just the other way around. You pay what you must to get what you need.

Wage stabilization, then (and bear in mind that the word is stabilization and not freeze), is a restraint on competitive bidding for manpower, but in addition, is a means whereby administrative leniency can be used to divert manpower away from nonessential enterprise to arms production.

Finally, manpower mobilization and material allocations are used as instruments to cut away the fat on our economy—the less essential, the more dispensable civilian satisfactions.

As these developments occur it will become increasingly clear that there is no half-way house between the automatics of the private economy and the regulation of the garrison economy. Our mili-

tary needs cannot be met without some measures of economic intervention and control, and the tragic irony is that every measure of intervention, each element of control, provides the impetus for still other controls. These are not the products of an industrial mobilization plan.

There is no one specific plan we are following. We're still far from sure as to what we are planning for, how large, how long. These are the compulsives of demand for armament in what may yet prove to be a full generation of half-war with the Soviet Union. This, we hope, is the price we pay for peace. The economic potential of a mobilized America is undoubtedly more feared by the Soviet Union than the present size of our military machine or than the support of our

53 allies in the United Nations. A Soviet which has perverted and deified the machine and everything in life that is material underestimates the value of our spirit, the strength of our determination, the flexibility and resourcefulness of the enterprise system, the rock that is our faith and the strength that rests on our belief in the value of a single man. These the Soviet Union doesn't understand but she fears us precisely because she does know the remorselessness of our mobilized resources. And because she does, *Mobilization 1950* and the details of the garrison state described in these paragraphs may not be the forerunner of the all-pervasive, completely regimenting compulsives of a total war economy—atom model.

"Curwood Castle" Carries On

WHEN the little city of Owosso, Mich., inherited "Curwood Castle," it came into possession of something which seemed to have no earthly use other than that for which it was designed—an author's workshop.

Efforts of city officials to transform it into a recreation center failed because youth complained of too cramped quarters. One by one, civic groups grappled with the problem of utilizing the show spot, but all schemes fell through. Meanwhile the studio, patterned after an ancient Norman chateau, deteriorated from the ravages of time and misuse.

Finally, someone suggested making it a part of the school system and teaching art there. And so, since September, 1948, Owosso has been using the renovated structure for that purpose.

Classes are held six hours a day, with an average of about 125 students attending each year. With the Shiawassee River embracing their schoolroom in a gleamy curve, these boys and girls are finding opportunity and inspiration for creative endeavors.

It was in the turret commanding a good view of the river that James Oliver Curwood, world-famous novelist, had his desk. There, until his death in 1927, he wrote stories of the dramatic Far North.

Curwood, who fought for the advancement of conservation, once wrote: "It is the great law of existence that life must destroy in order to live; but to let live, when



Novelist James O. Curwood did his writing in the castle's turret

it is not necessary to destroy, is a beautiful thing to consider."

If the kids now going to school in "Curwood Castle" somehow absorb this basic tenet along with scholarly tips on mixing paints and wielding brushes, they will have taken a step toward the glorification of humane living and the realization of global peace. And that is exactly the way Jim Curwood would have wanted his beloved "castle" used!

—GLENN YERK WILLIAMSON

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Booksellers to the World

(Continued from page 33)

"I am reporting for work, sir," said Gomme nervously.

"Did I employ you?" asked Brentano incredulously.

"Oh yes, sir. I am Laurence Gomme. I presented several letters of introduction last week and you asked me to begin work today."

"Really—hm-m! And what did I say I would pay you?"

"Er—uh—fourteen dollars, sir."

"Oh no, Mr. Gomme," said Brentano shaking his head, "I offered you twelve."

So Gomme began a career which included 16 years as assistant in Old and Rare. Eventually, after long and close association, they got to call each other "A.B." and "Mr. Gomme." Gomme marveled at A.B.'s salesmanship for he would sell a 25 cent edition with as much eloquence as a rare volume and the most aristocratic women were enchanted by his courtliness and impressive gray mustache. Somehow they never noticed that he was just a bit more than five feet tall and certainly they couldn't guess that his education had ended with high school.

AS HEAD of Old and Rare, Gomme has made some fabulous sales. In one transaction he was paid \$10,000 for four volumes of "Audubon's Birds" (the elephant folio, of course) and a Brazilian is spending a similar amount for "Humboldt's Travels."

Even with McArthur's shells and Gomme's rare books, Brentano's mezzanine has room for one of America's most esoteric magazine collections and a superb foreign department. Anyone interested in the middle high German text of the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas should hustle right over to the foreign department—there's only one left!

From the mezzanine it is a brief but treacherous climb up a spiral stairway to the executive and business offices. One huge room absorbs 22 filing cabinets of correspondence each year, for Brentano's has a mailing list of 75,000 customers in every corner of the world.

A request like, "Please send me a copy of 'The Egyptian' and an eight-piece dinnerware set" is not unusual. In addition to books, Brentano's is asked to provide candy and fruit for voyagers. They can usually manage the candy but they'd prefer not to shop for such

things as muskmelons and nectarines.

Occasionally there are errors in sending out books, as when a man requested that "The Romance of Mining Engineering" be sent to his son. As a result of a mix-up in the shipping room, the boy received "The Romance of Casanova." The man wrote that he was contemplating a suit against Brentano's for contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Unfortunately, the book had been so maltreated by the boy's playmates that it could not be returned for credit.

Since a nation's reading habits mirror its hopes and anxieties, the bookstore is a sensitive recorder of public attitudes. Before the war Brentano's Washington outlets were sold out of copies of "Jane's Fighting Ships" which had been



purchased by the Japanese Embassy. Today Washington reports a demand for books on treason, faith, and Korea.

Washington is Brentano's second biggest market and the store on F Street, known as the bookshop of Presidents, ranks right behind Fifth Avenue in prestige. Miss Margaret Specht, the Washington manager, is responsible for the operations on F Street, at the busy Pentagon branch and

the seven neighborhood stores. She received this promotion after years as technical book buyer for the New York stores. Most Brentano managers, however, are selected from the local book trade.

The most picturesque Brentano branch is the brownstone house in Hartford, Conn., where each department is located in a separate room. In good weather, books are displayed in carts on the lawn in a setting of New England charm.

THE far-flung operations of the Brentano chain are directed by 31 year old Nixon Griffis, son of banker-diplomat Stanton Griffis, currently United States ambassador to Argentina. The elder Griffis had rescued the firm after the events of 1929 left it tottering on the ropes, but his many interests prevented him from continuing active management which was left to the Brentanos—Sr. and Jr. When Arthur, Sr., died in 1944 his son was president, but the book business faced a difficult future and the old store needed a new spark. So, in October, 1949, young Griffis stepped in as president with Arthur, Jr., becoming chairman of the board.

Griffis had studied astronomy, won a college boxing championship, served five years in the Army and worked on Wall Street as a security analyst—but knew nothing about the book business. He sat himself at a little desk with an adding machine and a huge sheaf of Brentano's financial figures. Soon the statistical sheets were mounting above his head as he explored the economics of bookselling, a study which had the sales people on the main floor wondering what was going to happen.

After months of research, Griffis finally went into action. He instituted central buying for all the stores, set up a new inventory-control system, introduced accounting machines and cut costs 14 per cent. He dreamed up a bookmobile to visit conventions, lined up top American artists for exclusive Brentano Christmas cards and substituted imaginative window displays for the conservative exhibits of the past.

The one area in which Griffis ignored new-fangled efficiencies was in selling. He knew his sales staff was tops, that through the years it had endowed the store with a gentility which was its greatest asset. When this word reached the floor there was a dignified sigh of relief—at last the 30 year veterans knew that the traditions of Arthur Brentano were in good hands.



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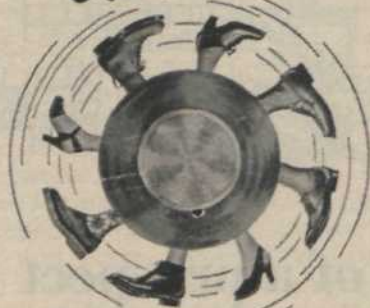
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By My Way

By R. L. DUFFUS



The coming feast

THERE ARE many things in the world today for which no sane person can be thankful—war and the fear of war, unhallowed doctrines of hate and aggression, the tragedies of disappointment, sickness and bereavement in many individual lives. But there are also things most of us can honestly be thankful for—the attachments that link us with our relatives and friends, the abundance of most of our necessities, the beauty of the land in which we live, the hope that goodness and mercy will make headway against their enemies and opposites.

Those who celebrated the first Thanksgiving in America had known suffering and grief and still faced an uncertain future. These elements drew them together in a warmer fellowship. Because they had been cold, the fire burned more brightly for them; because they had been hungry, the feast was the more delicious, and because they had been in danger, their present safety was the more comforting.

When we sit down to our Thanksgiving dinners, all over the broad land, in houses humble and otherwise, we can feel that we belong to an ancient tradition and a rich companionship. The turkey and the fixin's are symbols of a lasting value in all our lives.

November can be nice

THE MOST amusing comment on this month of the year, so far as my experience goes, is Thomas Hood's poem ending:

"No shade, no shine, no butterflies,
no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves,
no birds,

November!"

But that is the English November. I think we do it better here, in spite of the late William Cullen Bryant's remarks to the effect that "the melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

I find something restful in the thought of Nature shutting up a part of her great shop and taking

it easy for a few months. And once in a while the sun does shine in November and there come sparkling days and one is glad to be alive—indeed, I, for one, am glad to be alive in almost any month.

Lost opportunity

THE *Wall Street Journal* says that the best seller down at the south end of Manhattan Island is a booklet entitled "Investment Facts about Common Stock and Cash Dividends," in which are listed 285 stocks that have paid cash dividends yearly for periods varying between 20 and 102 years. I can hardly put into words my regret that I didn't invest my little stock-ful of savings in one of those stocks in the year 1848. If I had done that I wouldn't be sitting here, on this pleasant day, working.



Childhood revisited

I LIKE to gallivant around for a week or ten days during that magic time when summer is not quite forgotten and winter not really imminent. So my wife and myself went to Vermont and New Hampshire. The distances are short these days. It used to be that a man in Vermont would plan for months, maybe years, to come down to New York or Boston, and then he would make his will and drop a tear or two as he parted with his friends. We don't drop tears these days. We just make a dinner engagement in Hanover or Montpelier, and step on the starter.

In Vermont there is an old lady we like to call on. She is the widow of a physician who once practiced in Williamstown—a man who could sit for the perfect picture of

the beloved and unselfish doctor. My father and mother once lived on the second floor of that good man's house, and Mrs. W. remembers me as a two-year-old who used to come downstairs to visit her. She says I was a cute child—I am such no longer. But when I see her, serene and gentle at her advanced age, the years pass away, and I can imagine the pretty young bride she once was. And I believe again in simple human goodness—the most beautiful thing in the world.



A bit of bird lore

I WAS interested to find in *Animal Kingdom*, which is a publication of the New York Zoological Society, a picture of a bird called the northern eared vulture. It is not a pretty bird. Its complexion is bad, its feathers are untidy and on the whole it looks as though it had been on a binge. But I am going to take this creature along with me next time I go into the deep woods. You couldn't get lost with a northern eared vulture—you would just have to line up its ear with a tree and proceed.

In old Corinth

WHENEVER an ancient civilization is dug up and dusted off we find that in essentials human nature hasn't changed much. For more than half a century the American School of Classical Studies at Athens has been excavating on the site of ancient Corinth, which lies on the isthmus of that name, practically within what we moderns would call commuting distance of the Greek capital. Dr. Oscar Broneer, who has been directing the work for about 17 years, told something about it recently to Dana Adams Schmidt of the *New York Times*.

At the rear of a single colonnade stood, in those old days, 33 taverns, in which people sat and drank to the music of flutes played by dancing girls. The flutes have been found, as have also the inscribed drinking cups. The wine was not found, and perhaps need not be. There were dice, too, for the Corinthians, like the moderns who play the horses, suffered under the illu-

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sion that something might some-
times be had for nothing.

Corinth was revived after the Romans, in their thorough fashion, destroyed city and population in 146 B.C. It had some good people in it, and to them the Apostle Paul wrote two epistles which have not yet been forgotten. The bad ones went on drinking and often, as the discovery of "hangover cups," with appropriate inscriptions, shows, were sorry the next morning. What the recipe was we don't know. But we do know that some persons in this world still have hangovers on some mornings. If the thought does them any good they may reflect that this links them with the Corinthians of more than 2,000 years ago, who, like themselves, could not learn from experience.

History is people

MRS. NELLIE ALEXANDER, who died in Portland, Me., last August, lost her father in one of the battles of the War between the States. She may have been a girl of 14, or perhaps a little younger, at that time, for she was born in 1851. She would have remembered the fresh grief that is now remote history, hardly even a sadness, for today's Americans. She would have known, behind the war memorials, in the old cemeteries, in the battlefields that are now parks and preserves of the united nation, the pain and suffering that make so large a part of the history books. She would have known, from her mother's tears, the sorrow shared by wives and mothers, North and South. She would even have heard, from living lips, of battles more than a century old, for her father was also a veteran of the Mexican War. And she would have read, or heard over the radio, of boys 100 years younger than her father fighting for the old faith of freedom in a far away country called Korea. A century from now there may be old ladies who will remember that war, too—let us have a happy ending and say, because their fathers came safely and victoriously home. For history is people—that is what Mrs. Alexander must have known.

Indian powwow, 1950

THREE HUNDRED Indians representing 14 tribes met on Long Island toward the end of summer as guests of the Shinnecock tribe. Among them were Iroquois, Apaches, Sioux, Cheyennes and (proving that Cooper was wrong) Mohicans. Even in their tribal costumes the visitors did not look quite as Indian as some that

Hollywood puts out, but they were impressive. Some of the tribal names made me shiver, which is a good example of the way adverse propaganda can influence a growing boy. When I was in grammar school I would have taken it for granted that an Iroquois or an Apache would have scalped me on sight—and he could, at that time, have done it; I still had the where-withal.

Now I know that today's Indians are as good and well behaved as the rest of us. And I wonder what American history would look like if an Indian of one of the old warrior tribes wrote it. Maybe he could show that a very young Indian boy in the old days expected to put up a good fight if a party of our ancestors came along but would have counted, just as I did, on getting his scalp lifted. I'm glad this is no longer true; it is nice to read about people who almost but not quite got scalped, but it is also nice not to be one, no matter which side of the argument one is on.



Baldness and politics

A FACE in a mirror in a barber shop set me to thinking about baldness—not the first time, either. The face was my own. At least that is what I call it. But it is not of myself that, in the words of the late Mr. Gilbert, I am going for to sing. I began to wonder if there is any connection between a person's political views and the age at which he gets bald. I would half expect that conservatives would get bald sooner than liberals or radicals. Anarchists—and has anyone seen one lately?—notoriously hide behind forests of hair and beard. Communists vary. Lenin was bald but Stalin has succeeded in bringing trouble and sorrow to half the human race without, as far as I can see, getting thin on top. Malik is thinning out a little but this, to my taste, doesn't make him any more charming. I might contend that baldness is often a sign of thoughtfulness, but I cannot prove it, and I would not go so far as to say that it always is. If I were the national chairman of either one of our great political parties I would be opposed to taking a position in this matter this fall—or any other

fall. The truth is that some of the leaders in both camps are vulnerable.

A lady does her hair

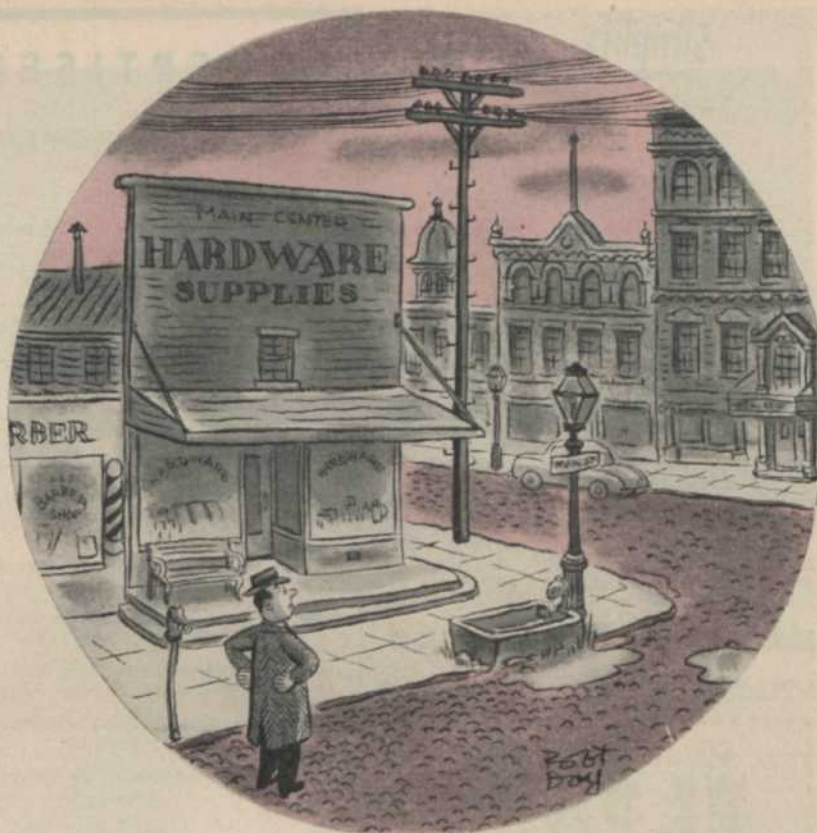
IT USED to be that when a lady got her hair fixed before sallying forth it was fixed for the day. At one stage in our history she wound it on top of her head, put on a hat and stuck a hat-pin through the combination. She took her hair down, as the saying went, when ready to retire. Nowadays she works at it almost all the time, at least in public places, patting it and smoothing it and looking at it from time to time in a pocket mirror. I don't say this is progress and I don't say it isn't. If the lady is pretty it is a pretty operation to watch, as I thought yesterday as I was riding on the train just behind a young woman who acted as though she were going to meet somebody rather important—a man, I think—as soon as she got to town.

Redwood tree "farm"

CALIFORNIA recently set up what it is hoped will be the first of many redwood tree "farms," with a lumber company undertaking to cut each year only the equivalent of what will grow each year. The company won't have to wait 2,200 years, which was the age of the oldest redwood ever lumbered in California. Some trees that are saplings today will be old enough to cut and saw before the Hammond Lumber Company gets tired of waiting. Meanwhile a great many of the very oldest redwoods will be preserved.

I remember some of the mountain variety, near Yosemite, including one so plump that an automobile can drive through a passageway cut through the trunk. I remember Bull Creek Flat, in the coast region, where the mighty trees stand in perpetual quietness and the visitors speak in low tones, as though in a cathedral erected (and who shall say this one was not?) to the glory of God.

And I like to think that some small redwoods just starting life today will be allowed to continue, and that some 2,200 years from now, or more, the citizens of some bright future civilization, living in freedom and contentment, will stand beside them and wonder, just as we do today in similar groves. Perhaps our descendants will be able to talk to trees and learn from them, for they, like ourselves, are living beings.



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ADVERTISERS IN THIS ISSUE

NOVEMBER

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PAGE	PAGE
American Credit Indemnity Company..... 6 VanSant, Dugdale, Baltimore	Kellogg Switchboard and Supply Company 91 Glenn-Jordan-Stoetzel, Chicago
American Telephone & Telegraph Company 69 Cunningham & Walsh, New York	Kimberly-Clark Corporation..... 83 Foote, Cone & Belding, Chicago
Ampro Corporation 85 Ruthrauff & Ryan, Chicago	Kreml Hair Tonic..... 95 Erwin, Wasey, New York
Association of American Railroads..... 66 Benton & Bowles, New York	Marchant Calculating Machine Company.. 65 Doremus & Company, San Francisco
Bond Equipment Company..... 89 Palan Advertising, St. Louis	Masonite Corporation..... 87 Buchen Company, Chicago
Browne-Vintners Company, Inc..... 4th cover Owen & Chappell, New York	Master Addresser Company..... 98 Russ Nelson, Minneapolis
Burroughs Adding Machine Company.. 56, 57 Campbell-Ewald, Detroit	May, George S., Company..... 4 J. R. Pershall, Chicago
Butler Manufacturing Company..... 77 Carter Advertising, Kansas City	Milwaukee Dustless Brush Company..... 98 Al Herr, Milwaukee
Canadian International Trade Fair..... 81 Walsh Advertising, Windsor	Mosler Safe Company..... 9 Albert Frank-Guenther Law, New York
Certified Equipment Manufacturers..... 79 Foster & Davies, Cleveland	National Cash Register Company..... 16 McCann-Erickson, New York
Chamber of Commerce of the United States 97 Direct	Nation's Business 93 Leo McGivena, New York
Chevrolet Motor Company..... 20 Campbell-Ewald, Detroit	New York State Department of Commerce 70 Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, New York
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad Company..... 10 Roche, Williams & Cleary, Chicago	Pabeo Products, Inc..... 94 Brisacher, Wheeler & Staff, San Francisco
Cities Service Oil Company..... 63 Ellington & Company, Inc., New York	Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company..... 71 Geare-Marston, Philadelphia
Commercial Credit Company..... 74 VanSant, Dugdale, Baltimore	Pennsylvania Railroad..... 2nd cover Al Paul Lefton, Philadelphia
Consumers Power Company..... 1 Commonwealth Services, New York	Portland Cement Association..... 12 Roche, Williams & Cleary, Chicago
Currier Manufacturing Company..... 98 Frizzell Advertising, Minneapolis	Prat-Daniel Corporation..... 76 Hening & Company, Philadelphia
El Paso Chamber of Commerce..... 98 Mithoff Advertising, El Paso	Pressed Steel Car Company, Inc..... 53 Albert Frank-Guenther Law, New York
Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States..... 23 C. V. Parkinson, Manhasset	Public Service Electric & Gas Company.... 8 United Advertising, Newark
Executone, Inc..... 67 Joseph Katz, New York	Remington Rand, Inc..... 51 Leeford Advertising, New York
Gardner-Denver Company..... 68 Buchen Company, Chicago	Reznor Manufacturing Company..... 70 Meek and Thomas, Youngstown
General Binding Corporation..... 88 Homer J. Buckley, Chicago	Smith, L. C., & Corona Typewriters, Inc. 5 Cunningham & Walsh, New York
General Motors Corporation..... 2 Kudner Agency, New York	South Carolina Planning, Research & Development Board..... 75 Henderson Advertising, Greenville
General Outdoor Advertising Company..... 95 McCann-Erickson, Chicago	Southern Railway System..... 24 Cunningham & Walsh, New York
Globe Automatic Sprinkler Company, Inc. 89 Marschall & Pratt, New York	Stromberg Time Corporation..... 96 Harry Berk, New York
Hamilton, Alexander, Institute..... 7 St. Georges & Keyes, New York	Travelers Insurance Company..... 28 Young & Rubicam, New York
Hardware Mutuals..... 19 Roche, Williams & Cleary, Chicago	Underwood Corporation..... 73 Marschall & Pratt, New York
Hartford Fire Insurance Company and Hartford Accident & Indemnity Company 88 Cunningham & Walsh, New York	Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation..... 3rd cover J. M. Mathes, New York
Hertz Driv-up-self System, Inc..... 3 Campbell-Ewald, Detroit	Union Pacific Railroad..... 49 Caples Company, Chicago
Howard Paper Mills, Inc..... 11 Kircher, Helton & Collett, Dayton	Weber Addressing Machine Company..... 89 Arthur R. MacDonald, Chicago
International Business Machine Corporation 61 Cecil & Preabrey, New York	Western Electric Company..... 55 Cunningham & Walsh, New York
Kawneer Company..... 59 Fulton, Morrissey, Chicago	Westinghouse Electric Corporation..... 27 Fuller & Smith & Ross, New York



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